JOHN BULL, week ending April 29, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1976

3D EVERY THURSDAY

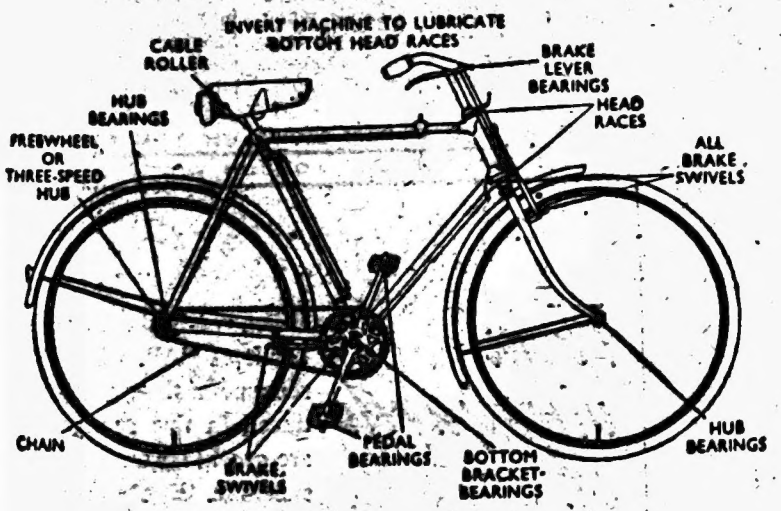
YOUR RENT by the EDITOR

PLANS OR PROFITS? by SWAFFER

THE LAST LINE-UP by A.G.G.

A Raleigh will stand up to a lot of hard wear with the minimum of attention, but occasional minor adjustments are necessary, and as Cycle Dealers are busy, this series of advertisements may help you over your difficulties.

WHERE TO LUBRICATE



A spot of Raleigh Lubricating Oil in the right place once a fortnight, will keep your Raleigh running sweetly; reduce wear and friction and increase the pleasures of riding.

Do not neglect oiling the moving brake parts and at less frequent intervals the chain and free-wheel.

The hubs and bottom bracket are oiled through the lubricators provided; the pedals through the hole in the dust cap, and oil can be introduced to the head-bearings by inverting the cycle.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM

R.N.72

Fresh and Beautiful

Deep-cleansing lather—that gives you personal freshness
Superior mildness—that guards the complexion★

★There's a special ingredient in Lifebuoy Toilet Soap that makes it extra mild and gentle in action

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet—1 coupon

LBT 601:690-65

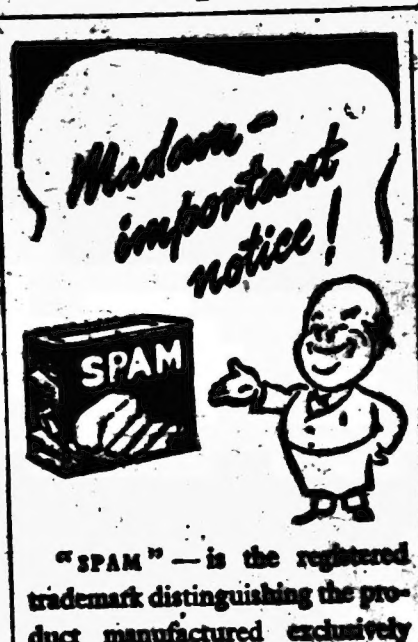
LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

"BOWL 'EM OUT!"

A rare one for cricket, was Jim. Every Saturday afternoon, in peacetime, he'd play. Knock up thirty or forty runs . . . take a few wickets. Just loved it! Now, he has fresh fields to conquer. And he still bowls 'em out—and it's the Hun, this time! Into the attack he goes . . . a four hundred yard advance . . . three machine gun nests destroyed . . . "the hat trick!" Let us Salute him—his disregard for his own safety that we may be safe. Let us remember our lads in the thick of it . . . admire them . . . show our gratitude to them—with more and more Savings.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

Issued by the National Savings Committee



"SPAM"—is the registered trademark distinguishing the product manufactured exclusively by Geo. A. Hormel & Co. "Spam" is made of pure pork shoulder meat with ham meat added. "Spam" is sold ONLY in 12 oz. tins plainly marked with the trademark "Spam." We are sorry that during the war, supplies of "Spam" are restricted.

★

"SPAM"

★ "Spam" is a registered trademark

FOOD FACTS

Three suggestions for MAIN MEAL DISHES

If you are hard put to it sometimes to know what to serve as a main dish, try these suggestions. Your family will be delighted with them. Two of the dishes combine meat and dried beans. These dishes stretch your meat ration, because meat and dried beans are the same kind of food. Meat is first-class protein (or body-building food). beans are second-class protein. But when these two are eaten together, the food value of the beans is increased almost to that of meat itself. So the dish is almost as good for you as if it were all meat.

Bean & Sausage Bake

½ lb. cooked beans; ½ lb. sausage meat; 1 chopped leek; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 teaspoon sage; salt and pepper; ½ pint stock or water; 1½ lb. mashed potato.

Chop beans finely, add sausage meat, leek, parsley, sage, and 2 tablespoons mashed potato. Mix well together, add a little seasoning and enough stock or water to make a fairly soft mixture. Place in a greased pie-dish or casserole, piling rest of potato on top. Cook in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Serve with brown gravy.

Lamb with Bean Stuffing

1 whole breast of lamb; ½ lb. cooked beans; 1 teaspoon mixed herbs; 2 teaspoons sage; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 1 chopped onion; 2 teaspoons meat extract; pepper and salt; stock or water.

Bone both sides of the breast of lamb. Mince the beans and add herbs, parsley, onion, meat extract, and seasoning. Mix to a fairly stiff paste with stock or water. Spread one side of the lamb with paste. Place the other side on top, tie firmly together. Place in a baking tin with a little fat. Bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. Serve with brown gravy.

Meat Roll

½ lb. sausage meat; ½ lb. mince; ½ lb. breadcrumbs; 1 onion, chopped finely; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley; salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs; 1 egg reconstituted.

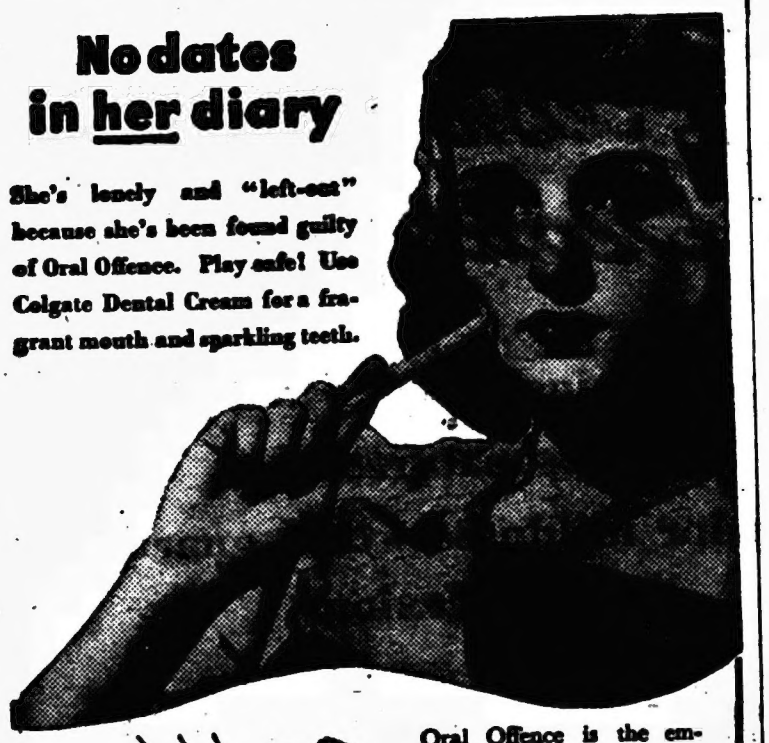
Mix all ingredients together. Bind with the reconstituted egg. Turn into greased tin. Cover with lid. Steam for 1-2 hours. Serve hot with gravy, potatoes and a green vegetable or cold with salad.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES., WED., THURS. & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 19

No dates in her diary

She's lonely and "left-out" because she's been found guilty of Oral Offence. Play safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream for a fragrant mouth and sparkling teeth.



Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

From vineyards of Empire

When you find difficulty in getting a bottle of V.P. wine (Point Brand) remember that, though it is produced in this country, the grapes are grown far away in the southern sunshine. But remember too, that however hard to come by, these wines still offer you peacetime quality at a very moderate price.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier

STILL UP TO PRE-WAR STANDARD OF QUALITY

V.P. wines

POINT BRAND

RICH RUBY
SWEET WHITE
BRITISH SHERRY

All at 6/3 per bottle

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 29, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

POOR P.C.

● There's a very fine fellow whom we tend to forget in making our plans for a better Britain.

The policeman. As a young constable eager to make good he gets the munificent salary of £3 2s. a week.

It doesn't leave him much to put by for a rainy day. Yet if he dies on duty, leaving behind a widow and two children, her pension will be somewhat less than a pound a week.

This despite the fact that her civilian counterpart would get £2 1s.

The policeman can, by paying 2s. a week from his scanty earnings, ensure that a widow and two children would get 12s. 6d. a week more—but it would still be 10s. less than the pension paid in respect of a civilian.

Police forces the world over have been modelled on the British pattern. We want the best men for that force, and miraculously we have managed to get them. How long can we continue to do so with the cost of living racing so far ahead of the P.C.'s earnings?

traight from the Shoulder

INVASION—and AFTER

OR once the enemy and ourselves are in agreement.

Berlin spokesmen announce that the Allies have "considerable" air and sea superiority and that we can invade where we wish. More, they say we have worked out new tactics and will use new weapons and secret invasion devices.

hange of Tune

Quite so. It may not be sensational news to most people in this busy island here, but it is a bitterly sensational and significant change to the soothing syrup on which the German people have hitherto been fed.

Perhaps the *Luftwaffe's* reconnaissance planes have been busy. And perhaps what they have revealed has persuaded the enemy leaders to prepare their people for "initial Allied successes" in the coming operations.

ow Ready

Berlin also claims to know that our invasion forces are now fully deployed. Once again the enemy seems to expect attack on Denmark. Vichy plumps for nearer home—there are predictions of landings near Ostend and Boulogne.

eeping it Quiet

Such speculations must be left to others. We in Britain will not jeopardise the lives of our fighting men and our very numerous Allied friends.

Suffice it that the storm is approaching and that though the preparations have been long they have also been thorough.

The men in uniform should lack nothing. Civilians should expect a crashing of railway services, irregular food supplies in some districts—and perhaps new trials from the enemy.

ew Bases

But will the West be the only invasion area?

Italy has given us new bases in the Mediterranean. And the Balkans still beckon invitingly both to the Russians and ourselves.

The Russians can make great use of the Crimea. Remember that it is only 60 miles from the Rumanian coastline.

ffensive To Come

So great are the possibilities that the Army is trying to divert Russian attention by a counter-offensive. But it could not stop the Red Army from a great new drive southwards—skirting the Carpathians—which will find the road well prepared by the intensive Anglo-American bombing.

n the Threshold

In the Far East, too, there is the trouble of impending earthquakes.

The Kuriles are being bombed. They are being softened-up for invasion.

They are Japan's "home islands." When they are invaded, for the first time in modern history, Tokyo will be brought within bomber range.

Three to One

That is but one way in which the Japanese are being made to regret Singapore and Pearl Harbour.

In Burma we are killing three Japanese for every Tommy who falls a casualty. The reduction of the enemy outposts in the Southern Pacific goes steadily and remorselessly forward. And the naval attack on Sumatra brings nearer the day when Malaya will be freed.

Real Freedom

Thus it is becoming urgent to discuss *after*-invasion measures. For it will not be enough to convert the Occupied Countries to Liberated Territories. Their peoples must be given freedom in fact as well as name.

Freedom from slavery and hunger—that is certain. But there are other necessary freedoms: political, social, economic.

Not Enough

UNRRA will bring them food and clothes and help them to restore their shattered industries. That is a magnificent undertaking—but it is not enough.

It will tide them over a difficult period. It cannot assure them a permanent basis on which they can rebuild their cities, plan their trade, and restore to health their consumptive children.

Consult Them!

For we cannot *impose* prosperity and peace and social justice on the countries we are sworn to liberate. We can only *help* them towards those ends. And so many problems will arise that we need to consult their leaders now.

"A STAND-BY IN CASE OF TROUBLE"—

is how Mr. H. A. Stuart, of Woodgate, Leicester, describes "John Bull" in acknowledging cheque paid under "John Bull's" Free Insurance for fire damage at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.,

in addition to

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We must co-operate with the smaller States, not dictate to them. Unless we do so soon, mistrust will ensue. General Smuts' conception of a Federated Europe will wither and die. We shall go back to the old Europe of brooding suspicion and "power politics."

In the Cold

Even among the Great Powers intentions are admirable but methods are disconcerting.

It is agreed that on Anglo-American friendship will largely depend the future of the world. It is no less sure that the full co-operation of Russia is quite as vital.

Yet Britain and the U.S.A. are apt to hammer out a mutual agreement first and consult the Russians afterwards. No snub to Moscow is intended, but sensitive Russians may object to being treated as second fiddles.

Causes of Friction

Economics are the rocks on which international politics often founder. They cannot be levelled by London and Washington alone. They are so big that it will require a partnership of all the free world to temper their ragged edges.

Currency, production, transport, marketing—these are subjects which must be studied if peace is to be attended by prosperity.

Full Employment

Their difficulties are manifold and intricate, but not insuperable.

They can be met by a policy of trade expansion and the full employment of all resources.

Wise Speeches

The I.L.O. and Mr. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, have both recommended such a policy in the last few days.

By experience and geographical position Britain is fitted to take the initiative in securing its acceptance by all the United Nations.

And we can make a start next month.

Dominion Talks

For then the Dominion Premiers will meet in conference.

We must avoid the danger of making the Commonwealth a Power bloc; its aim should be broader collaboration with other countries in a League of Nations. But next month's conference can decide on important preliminaries.

Raising the Standard

For here is the opportunity to reach agreement on the use of natural resources in a vast slice of the world.

Britain should give the Dominions cause to show more interest in the Colonies. With their extensive social services, for example, both New Zealand and Australia should be able to advise in the task of improving the standard of living in the Colonies.

Diehards

The Commonwealth Premiers will find that the public here is more politically conscious than ever before, and in a far better sense than may be said of some political and industrial leaders.

For the Diehards are justifying their description. They are anti-planning, anti-control, anti-everything that threatens their own narrow interests.

Still With Us

There are the industrial backwoodsmen who are terrified by the thought of nationalisation.

Then there are the political backnumbers. For example, there is Lord Croft.

Cost Bogy

It is his mission in life to make your flesh creep, to frighten you with fears of what might happen if Britain were made more comfortable for the many and a little less luxurious for the few.

Just now he's busily pointing out how dreadfully expensive it is to grant reforms in housing, health and education.

Water for All

However, the Government he graces has the wits to realise that, on the whole, reform is an asset rather than a liability.

Thus with the new plan to provide all Britain with adequate supplies of water. It is a plan almost exactly identical with that advocated by JOHN BULL for many years and is expressed in very similar arguments.

Service Pay

That is a long stride forward. Unhappily, in such circumstances the Government usually next takes a step sideways lest it should shock the Diehards' friends to the verge of apoplexy.

So, after deciding on water reform, it sidesteps the demand for higher basic Service pay.

Poor Return

It makes important concessions, yes. But it does not remove the sense of resentment and pauperdom felt by many uniformed men and women.

Our political leaders have paid warm tribute to the men who are fighting for us. That they give to those men so poor a wage for service is, in JOHN BULL's view, a miserable paradox.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHEN the politicians talk of the post-war importance of Anglo-American friendship they usually quote the big things—civil aviation, economic stability and the rest.

It would be a good thing if they looked at the little things for a change. And looked at them now.

Wrecking Friendships

The excellent relations between the ordinary American and the ordinary Briton are being poisoned by a section of our own people. JOHN BULL has brought the matter up before. But things are getting worse every day.

The American soldier or airman is not a fool. He knows when he's being fleeced. And resentment is growing.

Double Charge

Not only are the Americans being robbed by the furnished room racket, to which we refer on the opposite page; pubs are making them pay double rates for drink, shopkeepers are swindling them right and left on the sale of mementos for the folks at home.

There's an enormous trade in these souvenirs. It should be good for the country.

Poor Advertisement

It's far from good. Businessmen back from the States report that our reputation for high quality workmanship is being jeopardised. No wonder. An American showed some English soldiers a brass table bell he'd bought the other day. He'd paid 25s., and naturally thought it was a present worth sending home. The soldiers had to tell him he could have bought it for 1s. 3d. at the popular stores.

That gift did not go across the Atlantic. But a lot do; and they are not likely to encourage Americans to buy British after the war.

You Can Lead

What can be done to stop this ramp which is getting dangerous both politically and industrially? More Government orders won't do. Troops away from home shop where they can get what they want quickly and without red tape.

Instead, let's appeal for more decency among our own countrymen. And the great mass of JOHN BULL readers can set the example.

General Eisenhower—

The Americans themselves are tremendously keen on being good neighbours. It isn't so long since we saw a letter from General Eisenhower to a London man who'd had a little brush with an American officer who was smoking a cigar on the lower deck of a 'bus.

—Gives his Answer

The American had laughed at our "local rules." The Londoner, perhaps unnecessarily, had written to the General. And the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in the West had replied that he was on the Londoner's side. If the officer could be traced he'd see that that sort of thing never happened again.

At the Yard

And we hear that the police have been mystified by the striking decrease in hold-ups and robbery with violence in the West End and Soho.

For the last few weeks they've been wondering about the reason. Now they think they have the answer. . . .

In Terror

The American military police are responsible Stationed in twos at street corners throughout Central London, white-helmeted, smart, exceedingly tough to look at—they have put terror into the hearts of the capital's gangsters.

Telepathy?

The London police get on excellently with the American M.P.s. The Americans never interfere unless their own countrymen are involved or they are asked for help.

If there is any danger of a rough-house they are invaluable. Their methods are characteristic, very, very practical. One thing that impresses our own police is the uncanny way they have of collecting in force whenever there's trouble. It's as if they had evolved some system of telepathy. Whatever the trick is, it's as secret as it's efficient.

In the House

There was good news from Parliament last week Among other things, the statement that shopkeepers who have been called into the war machine will get priority in opening their businesses when peace comes.

We shall keep our eyes open to see that that Government promise is kept. In the meantime, we're grateful that it's been made

Another Promise

There was another Government pledge —to bombed cities. Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Town and Country Planning, told the Commons that it was hoped to introduce shortly and pass this session a Bill for rebuilding the cities.

He said that the powers to be conferred on the local authorities were powerful and adequate. They must be.

That Wicked Word

The only fly in the ointment was that wicked Parliamentary word "shortly." Members wanted to know what Mr. Morrison meant by it. Not long ago Lord Woolton was pressed for a similar definition.

Any Minister who uses the word "shortly" should be howled down. If he means in a matter of weeks, he should say so. If he means months, he should say so. If he doesn't really mean anything (as is often the case), he should never get up to speak at all.

Lots of Offers

A correspondent has been spending a day or two in the Highlands. He says the crofters are very impressed with the offers of the Ministry of Agriculture. Posters everywhere call for more digging for victory, and the local landworkers have had official advice showered on them in print.

The Highlands, however, would like a bit more help and fewer promises.

"Passed to You"

One in particular wanted some railway sleepers to build a cold frame. He aimed at raising leeks and cabbage plants from seed so as to save the time and expense of waiting for young plants later in the season.

He went to the railway station at Inverness. They put him on to Edinburgh, who put him on to Glasgow, who put him on to the Railway Executive somewhere near London.

Nearer Home

He wrote there, filling in a form with the answers to 18 questions. In a week he was told that the sleepers could be collected at Spean Bridge—less than three miles from his croft.

By comparison, it would have been a short cut to go to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head. Not that officials seem to have any interest in short cuts.

Road Hold-up

Talking about petrol and the road rules. . . . A Leicestershire baker owns two vans and a car. One of the vans broke down; the other badly needed repair.

The man licensed his car, asked for the transfer of his petrol coupons from the vans to the car. Answer: "Cannot be granted."

You can't blame the baker for thinking someone isn't using his loaf.

P.A.Y.E. is O.K.

There have been plenty of grumbles in the last week or two about the "Pay as you Earn" deductions. There always will be grumbles about paying anything —especially income tax.

In fact, the system which JOHN BULL advocated for so long, shows every sign of settling down well.

Tax-Shy

The chief trouble is that many people, finding such a speedy check on their earnings, are not doing the extra work they would have done before.

Farmers are going to suffer. A Kent farmer who has depended on part-time workers to help his depleted staff cannot get his usual men from the Civil Defence depôts. At least he cannot get them for as many hours as before. Because they've worked out to a nicety how many hours they can put in before tax begins to hit them too hard.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **German aircraft output was between 600 and 700 two months ago. Now it's down to 300—and will go lower still!**
- *Eisenhower has taken remarkable steps to see that public will get complete and quick news from the Second Front.*
- There will be more talks on civil aviation this year. There is a fair chance of success, though U.S.A., unlike ourselves, is not prepared to accept much international control.
- **American Air Force now numbers some 2,500,000 men.**
- *Reich's Defence Commissars have taken over administration of most German provinces. This measure is equivalent to martial law.*
- Transfer of German Foreign Office to Vienna is now complete. *Gestapo* H.Q. are in Prague, where S.S. General Daluege has taken over.
- **Leading Czech officials have left Britain to prepare administrative measures for control of liberated territories in concert with Russian military authorities.**
- *Polish Underground now collaborating with Russians. Recent reports prove that this collaboration is yielding great military successes.*

REASON

The wife of a man in the north of Scotland was taken ill. The doctor had to cycle five miles to get to her because his petrol allowance was exhausted.

A fortnight later one of the man's pigs became ill. A few hours after he'd reported it, two officials arrived in a big car to examine the ailing animal.

IN ALL

Unreasonable? It's not always easy to decide. Mr. J. Heddle, chairman of the Southend Bench, told a woman the other day that she had a reasonable amount of money to provide for her children. She has six children and she gets £3 13s. Army money.

Several readers think that both Mr. Heddle and the money are definitely unreasonable.

THINGS

Mrs. Vale—

Mrs. Annie Vale became tenant of a council house—No. 159, Highfield Crescent, Cradley, near Birmingham, when her husband died six years ago.

Last year she went to help her daughter in the management of a public house in the district because the daughter was expecting a baby. As a result, Mrs. Vale could sleep at No. 159 only on one or two nights a week. Wartime transport wasn't good enough for her to get home every night after closing-time.

The Council—

Halesowen Town Council, owners of the house, stepped in. Because of the housing shortage they had Mrs. Vale turned out

They had the law on their side, but still they did not find it easy because the local magistrates were clearly unwilling to agree to eviction and twice adjourned the case for the Council's reconsideration.

—And Us

Now Mrs. Vale, a good tenant who was prepared to sub-let part of her house, has had to go.

We hope the Halesowen authorities are satisfied. We are certainly not. In court there was a suggestion that *Gestapo* methods were used. The Town Clerk did not agree, and no doubt it was an over-statement.

But it all looks like another case of too zealous pursuit of duty that has inflicted hardship and injustice on a widow.

Kicked Out

The Land Army is crying out for recruits. A Highgate reader is dying to get into the Land Army.

They won't have her. Why? Because she has a scar on her leg and arm caused by an accident when she was a year old. She had to have three stitches in her arm, three in her leg.

And the authorities are nervous lest a cow might kick her. If there's any kicking to be done it might well be kicked into the heads of those who devised such narrow rules.

YOUR RENT

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

HOW long must the public continue to be fleeced before the Government makes up its mind to end the rent ramp?

Again and again we have exposed the ross profiteering in the letting of furnished rooms nd houses.

But this national scandal grows steadily worse, and, hile Scotland acts, England waits.

For a long while the Ministry of Health blandly nied having any information of widespread profiteer- Apparently, it could not see what was going on der its own nose.

Now it admits having received 11,800 complaints about rents in two years!

For every unhappy tenant who did complain, there re probably a dozen who thought it a waste of time do so.

Even now the Ministry washes its hands of direct sponsibility.

It has set up a committee, which is to report ortly, to examine the hole question of furnished nts.

Meanwhile, local authoies are empowered to act ly in cases where the ant complains to them, d, no matter what remmendations the comittee may make, the Ministry points out that it can e no action until the Rent Restrictions Act is ended.

In other words, the Government is making leisurely reparation to lock the stable door after the horse has en stolen; or to forbid the fleecing of the public eep until they have been thoroughly shorn.

Not so Mr. Tom Johnston, the Secretary of State for Scotland. He has more effective powers than the Ministry of Health has taken, and means to use them forthwith.

In Ayrshire, a county with a population much inased by local war industry, tribunals are being set to fix reasonable rents for all furnished accommotion.

This is being done under the Scottish Rates of Furshed Houses Control Act, which became law last year d has far more bite in it than the corresponding nt Restriction Act for England and Wales.

The Scottish tribunals, which may be set up herever there seems reasonable cause of complaint, ve full power to review rentals in their areas and to prove or reduce them.

What is more, they have a definite standard to rk upon—namely, that the normal rent for unfurshed premises should not be increased by more than per cent. for furnishing, plus 10 per cent. for agents' es.

That is clear and straightforward—a basis of judgnt which landlord and tenant can both understand.

But nobody knows for certain when a rental can considered *extortionate* under the English Act.

The onus of proof rests on the tenant, and the rd is variously interpreted by different magistrates. th some of them the sky seems to be the limit.

There is, however, ample evidence to prove that r workers, Servicemen, and, in fact, any uprooted izens, are being held to ransom wherever there is a ortage of accommodation.

ONDON, housing nearly a fifth of the English popuation, sets a bad lead, but the rent ramp is general in most big towns and even in certain rural tricts.

Recently, some metropolitan landlords have pped another three guineas on to the weekly rentals their furnished flats for "cleansing, laundry recements, and repairs."

One woman, who had been paying two and a half ineas for a small room, was told she would have to y five and a half in future. And some seven-guinea ts were raised to twelve guineas!

An officer, recently posted to the Air Ministry in ndon, has been paying five guineas a week for one all room, having to get his own breakfast and make own bed.

He put up with this "daylight robbery" because he had already spent five "days off" looking in vain for something more reasonable and dared not risk being without accommodation again.

It may be true that these "fancy prices" cannot be extorted outside the big towns or except from people of some means.

But profiteering on a comparable, if smaller, scale continues throughout the country. Thus, a Durham couple with two little children has been paying 30s. a week for a small kitchen and bedroom in a house which cost only £600 to *buy* just before the war!

And in the Home Counties greedy landlords are asking—and getting—anything from 35s. to 50s. a week for sparsely furnished rooms, almost without service, in houses normally let unfurnished at £40 or £50 a year.

In recent months JOHN BULL has quoted many instances of this kind of greedy profit-snatching and the general Press has given frequent publicity to local exploitation.

But the truth is that the rent ramp has become common knowledge to everybody who reads the advertisements in local papers anywhere, and it cannot be denied by any Ministry official.

We are dealing here particularly with the letting of furnished premises over which profiteering is exceptionally gross.

But the position is scarcely less alarming in regard to the rentals, or sale price, of unfurnished property.

Houses in Glasgow worth £500 pre-war are fetching at least £1,000 to-day, and almost anywhere within reasonable train service of London they are commanding up to three times their pre-war prices.

In a Home County town only a few weeks ago the sitting tenants of a house, which *might* have realised £1,800 at the beginning of 1943, were offered the place for sale on their landlord's death at £2,500.

They declined this "handsome opportunity," and the premises have since been sold, in spite of grave structural defects, for £3,300!

Now the Government claims, in principle at least, to have accepted a 1939 value level for property. In practice, however, owners are simply selling for the most they can get.

In regard to furnished rooms and houses, it is true that some 700 local authorities have been displaying 30,000 Ministry of Health posters advising the public of its rights.

But how many of these posters have been exhibited in rural areas? How many townsdwellers have noticed them, or, having read them, have been persuaded by them to risk uncertain legal action with the possible loss of the temporary accommodation they have obtained even at an "extortionate" price?

This is *not* a matter which should be left to the individual citizen. The State has protected the public against profiteering in basic food rations. It has controlled the price of those commodities which directly affect the cost of living index.

But it has *not* fairly and properly and efficiently controlled the price of furnished rooms. It has not begun to control the price of house property.

It has not announced—let alone put into operation—any truly national policy for the housing of the people at fair rentals or fair purchase prices.

The most dangerous and anti-social and callous ramp of the moment is the ramp in furnished premises.

This could be ended at a stroke by following the Scottish example and, either through a new Bill or through drastic amendment to the Rent Restriction Act, establishing a fair letting price and setting up tribunals to see that it is not exceeded.

There is no excuse for delay. If emergency war measures can be rushed through Parliament within a week, as they sometimes are, then a Bill to protect the public against the rent sharks need take no longer to become an operative Act.

We maintain that such reform is seriously overdue and ought to be treated as a matter of absolute priority in our domestic affairs.

'He Shouldn't Have Another Birthday!

THE free people of the world paid far more attention to Hitler's birthday last week than the Germans.

But there was a good reason for that: it was his fifty-fifth.

And while very few people in Germany ever heard of his cynical remark to the late Sir Nevile Henderson in August, 1939: "I prefer to make war at fifty than at fifty-five or sixty. . . ." the world outside remembered it, and did not fail to rub it in.

55—nearly out

The inner significance of that sentence seems to have escaped notice. It was not so much the remark of a cynic than that of a megalomaniac who believed that he was a military genius.

Actually he never was more than an unscrupulous gambler favoured for a while by an abnormal sequence of luck.

The campaigns in Norway and in France hinged on a series of heavy strategic mistakes by his opponents.

The campaign in North Africa would have been shortened by two years but for the French C.-in-C., General Nogues, who decided in July, 1940, to obey Pétain's orders instead of throwing in the lot of the French Empire with the British.

★ ★ ★

Hitler's greatest gamble, the invasion of Russia, also seemed at first to come off. But when he failed to conquer Leningrad, Moscow and Rostov before the winter of 1941-42 set in, his sequence of luck was broken—for ever.

Since then his strategy in Russia has been a continuous casting of the dice—with the lives of hundreds of thousands of his own soldiers as stakes.

His "hedgehogs" tactics were praised in the Nazi Press as the greatest military achievement of all time when they temporarily succeeded on two or three minor occasions, such as Staraya Russa and Rhzev.

But they later led to one major disaster after the other, the biggest being the encirclement and destruction of Paulus' Sixth Army at Stalingrad.

Now the largest of all recent "hedgehogs" has been smashed, too—the Crimea.

★ ★ ★

This birthday present by Stalin to Hitler shows that at fifty-five the Fuehrer is still the same unscrupulous gambler as he was at fifty—except that his brain works more slowly and stiffly than when he went out on his attempt to conquer Europe!

Most people realised at least three months ago that the time had come to evacuate, quickly and quietly, as many troops as possible from the Crimea.

But not Hitler!

With a stubbornness which showed signs of senility, he clung to the vain idea that as long as German troops stood in the Kerch peninsula they were still in sight of the Caucasus mountains!

Hitler is getting old But he won't get much older.

Don't call me a gambler, too, for it is a pretty safe wager: I am prepared to bet that this was his last birthday.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

No depression about Sir Walter!

Sir WALTER CITRINE,

Secretary, Trades Union Congress

DEAR SIR WALTER,—It has often puzzled me—and I suppose many others—why the machine before the war was not harnessed properly to meet the needs of mankind—to produce cheaply and in abundance, to increase consumption and wages, and to decrease working hours.

By driving the machine to capacity the colossal war needs of this nation have been met. To-day Britain is an arsenal filled almost to overflowing with the arms and goods that will ensure the defeat of Hitlerism.

This picture comes to my mind when I read that the T.U.C. looks forward after the war to a maximum working week of forty hours. In some industries such as mines, the working week, you suggest, might be less.

Pessimists of the poor post-war Britain school, the industrialists with the "can't be done" slogans, and the depression complex weary me. For months now they have blown discordant warning trumpets in the hope that the country will accept a return to the cock-eyed order that prevailed five years ago.

You, by dispelling the idea that the huge demand for consumer goods after the war will make a shorter working week impossible, have done much to counter the industrial diehards.

On every hand to-day there are valuable lessons to be gained in the vast field of production. One—and it is vital that this lesson should never be forgotten—is that in some instances it has been found that a reduction of hours has led to increased output.

Another and equally valuable lesson is that the machine, properly handled, can be utilised for the good of the nation and of the world, and not primarily as a profit-making factor.

As leader of the delegation of British Trade Union advisers at the I.L.O. Conference in Philadelphia, U.S.A., you have a unique opportunity of interpreting such lessons.

We have a highly geared, highly efficient industry, millions of the best craftsmen and craftswomen in the world, and we have the will and the determination to improve our standard of employment and of living.

A nation which has sacrificed much for war has earned the right to more leisure. And that right can be obtained without production being cut.—JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES SELIGMAN,

Hon. Treasurer, British Social Hygiene Council

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—News that your council has made a start towards estab lishing a "Fertility Clinic" where childless couples can get advice and treatmen will bring hope to many a quiet home where the sound of a gurgling baby woul be more welcome than anything in the world.

I don't know how many thousands of such couples there are in Britain, bu I do know that in the past many have been compelled to remain childless becau the cost of treatment or operation—usually a slight one—has been beyond the means.

Harley Street must have on record many cases of women who owe to th surgeon's skill the supreme gift and comfort of motherhood. Doubtless th number would be increased tenfold if poor people were able to avail themselv of the necessary medical care and advice.

Decision to set up a specialised clinic in the Central London area inspires th hope that it will be the first of a number of such centres.

Cost, I suppose, is the primary obstacle to the extension of your scheme Ironical, isn't it, that we can find millions a day for war, and are unable to dive a few paltry thousands to a plan which would bring untold happiness to thousand of wives desiring children?

But there is the satisfying knowledge that *something* is being done; and th one organisation realises the despair of these women bearing the unnecessa curse of barrenness. Now some of them will hear faintly the prattle of bab lips and the echo of baby footsteps.

And if those dreams come true they will bless the clinics which your Counc make possible.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. W. ROWE,

K. and L. Steelfounders and Engineers, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—Now you've shattered another of my illusions—that brains ar winning the war for us. We've read about the "Back-room Boys," about th scientists whose mental powers are creating headache after headache for Hitle about the secret weapons we have yet to employ against the enemy. And no you spoil it all by declaring that some brainy people are too brainy for industry.

Your firm, which has found that exceptionally brainy people have too hig an intelligence for industry, even on directorates, proves, I hope, the exceptio and not the rule.

Brawn is easy to manage; brains are not. A man of rare mental quality do not easily fit in with the industrial idea. But surely the fault lies not in the ma but in the industry which cannot make use of him.

Brains will never be easy to mould or control. They will resent the effor of lesser-gifted minds to check, stultify or interfere.

And despite your confession I prefer to believe that Britain's best brains ar playing a notable part not only in the secret side of the war directive but keeping industry up to its marvellous pitch of efficiency.—JOHN BULL.

Lord PERRY,

Chairman, Ford Motor Company

MY LORD,—In humanity there is one common factor linking us all—"the ability to make mistakes." Last November you predicted that P.A.Y.E. would fail. Your company now reports that the scheme is working smoothly and is giving little trouble.

You weren't alone in your opinion, and it's no satisfaction to me that you have been proved wrong. But there *is* great satisfaction in the news that after thirty-three years your company has decided fully to recognise the trade unions.

Your record as an employer is exemplary. Workers in your plant have long been regarded as more than mere tenders of machines. In improving conditions and in paying high wages your example might well have been followed years ago by other and less progressive firms.

Enlightened though your policy has been in these directions, it suffered from that reluctance to accept trade unions as such. Doubtless you had your reasons for not falling into line with other industrial organisations; and it may well be that you were wise in withholding recognition until Labour was properly organised.

But the pact you have made with the T.U.C. is proof that enlightenment comes, even if slowly, when there is a desire for that enlightenment. Some Labour leaders may look upon the pact as a triumph for themselves.

I prefer to regard it not only as a triumph for reason but also as a tribute to the sanity and level-headedness of the British working man.—JOHN BULL.

Man With the Muck Rake

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

"SO my ambition in life is to be a muck-spreader."

A schoolboy in rural Sussex whose father is a landworker wrote those words. And a woman teacher quoted them to illustrate her statement that, "the rural child rarely dares to have ambitions."

But does a child have ambitions? When the son of a millionaire or a peer says he would like to be an engine driver, or a bus conductor or a sailor, he is not expressing an ambition; he is expressing a desire.

The child mind sees only the adventure and the thrill of travelling on the footplate of a mighty, hissing locomotive, a monster of magic that snorts its way along shining rails into fairyland.

The child knows nothing of the responsibilities of the driver, of the strain of arduous hours, hasty meals, bad weather. He or she knows nothing of ambition; has only a vague wish which begins "I want to be."

★ ★ ★

The boy whose "ambition" is to spread muck may be wiser than he knows. And the disparagement of his teacher may be equally unwise.

Is there anything about muck-spreading which should arouse scorn or contempt? The muck-spreader is more essential to life and living than the city man who despises him as an inferior animal.

For in the last resort—and before that— we can dispense with the city man and all his tribe, wipe out our stock exchanges, our chambers of trade, raze our industrial mansions, abolish banks and utility companies, and yet be dependent for our very lives on the men who keep our soil in good heart.

★ ★ ★

All men who have pursued with success the myth of ambition know at times an infinite and inexpressible weariness. They have a shadowy, insubstantial feeling that they have missed something.

Perhaps the muck-spreader has that something. Perhaps it is a tranquillity that comes of the patient, unchanging earth.

The man with the muck rake may be a clod—on superficial standards of intellectuality. He may be dirty in his habits. He may be illiterate. He may know nothing of the glories of literature, the imagery and fantasy of poets. He may have no relaxation beyond a nightly pint of ale and a weekly ounce of shag.

But he knows the sun and the wind and the rain and the stars; knows the ways of animals and birds. And his useful toil has been mocked by neither ambition nor by illusions of power or grandeur.

I think when the summing up is made the man with the muck rake may have spent a happier life than the man corrupted by ambition.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.,

Ministry of Home Security

DEAR ELLEN,—So the hounds are af you again!

Loyalty, apparently, is not a vir among a certain section of the Distri tive Workers' Union; at least not th sort of loyalty you showed in defe of Herbert Morrison when you w attacked in connection with the watching Orders.

Now, I am told, your critics in Union are perturbed because you s ported Mr. Morrison for releasing Oswald Mosley; and argue that beca the Union's M.P.s were called upon oppose the Home Secretary on this troversy you should have obeyed t mandate.

I'm glad you didn't. And I'm glad that you resent this dictato attitude on the part of the Union whose cause and aims you worked hard.

They'll try to sack you, Ellen. The bring out all the old stupid clichés, they'll do their damndest to make sing small.

At a time when we're fighting tolerance and liberty they'll try crucify you for daring to be loyal something bigger than their perso prejudices.

I have little doubt about the outco Your battle spirit has carried through some tempestuous times won't fail you now.

Mosley doesn't matter. Loyalty your Minister, the Government, and war effort does. And every *good* tra unionist knows that the one loya necessary now is that which will b to bring speedy victory.—JOHN BULL.

BEHIND THE BATTLE—2

Robinson Crusoe Fought the Japs!

By Harold A. Albert

THIS is the story of a man alone. One man—and he vanquished a yellow horde.

His name is Lieutenant Hugh Miller. He is just a fresh-looking young man who happened to be with one of the stub-stacked destroyers that covered the landings at Rice Anchorage, New Georgia, last year.

His keen eyes were straining through night glasses at the knocked-out batteries on the mangrove coast when a Jap torpedo scored a bull's-eye.

The explosion tore young Miller off his feet—and pitched him head-first into adventure stranger than fiction.

Numbed, nearly senseless, he found himself clinging to a life net. Through the dark night the cheering voices of other survivors were calling and singing.

Left to Die

He held on. Pain began to hit him below the belt, gnawing and snapping. He did not know till then that he had been internally injured.

A fortnight later, Miller and three sailors crouched in a cane-brake on Arundel Island, miles behind the Japanese lines.

Their position was desperate. The island, only twelve miles long and three wide, was infested with Jap patrols. The yellow dwarfs had been seen only a mile and a half away at the nearest water spring.

Every day, every hour, increased the risks of detection. Yet Miller was too ill to be moved. The sailors had dragged him ashore, hauling him bodily across the coral reefs, and had hoped to nurse him to health. But his daily hemorrhages grew worse.

"I'm a dying man," he told them. "There's no sense in you staying around. You're spoiling your own chances of escape."

They refused to leave him. They tried to carry him, but he found the jolting agony too great.

And then, from a hilltop, one of the seamen saw the Japs beating through the bush, yard by yard. Equipment floating ashore had perhaps aroused their suspicions. The island was being toothcombed.

"I am your senior officer," Miller told his three comrades. "I order you to leave me."

They had to obey. Making him as comfortable as possible, leaving their last can of water at his side, they crept away.

Certain that he was dying, Miller drank all the water the first day.

The next day, though unable to move, he felt a little better.

Perhaps in those crucial hours he had passed the crisis. Another night of sleep still further rallied and restored him.

For ten days he had been unable to take solid food. But now came new torments—the anguish of thirst and growing hunger. And then—was it the pitying touch of God?—a heavy rainstorm replenished his water-can and somehow struck a ray of hope into his dark resignation.

Enemy Patrols

Four days after being left alone, he was able to crawl to the distant spring and take his first meal from a nut in a coconut clump.

Waking from another restoring sleep, he heard stealthy footsteps—and from between the fronds of his hiding-place he watched one of the first scouting parties of the bush-combing Jap patrols.

From where he lay, within reach of coconuts and water, he could see the Tokio troop-barges and supply ships sneaking by moonlight up and down the Sound.

Once he watched a battle between the Japs and an American M.T.B. The Japs came off worst—"caught flatfooted," says Miller. But he had no chance to gain the attention of the American crew.

The blinding heat in New Georgia was perhaps the worst enemy of the Allied invaders

Then this strange Robinson Crusoe stumbled across his own Man Friday.

It was a dead Jap, floating face downward just off a reef inshore.

From him Miller secured a pair of shoes and socks, a bayonet and a grenade-holder with two grenades.

Now for the first time he had weapons against the encroaching patrols. He had, too, some small tins of Jap bully-beef to help him build up his strength. It was vile-tasting stuff and, as he choked it down, he saw a Jap patrol out on the reef.

Presently they turned and scanned the shore-line. They had discovered the rifled body of the Nippon.

Miller knew this meant action. He did not sleep that night. You've heard a lot about the Japs as stealthy, soft-footed jungle fighters, but Miller thinks that is ballyhoo put out by Tokio.

When a little group came out to look for him, he says, he spotted them at 400 yards. He waited till they were 30 yards away and then lobbed over a grenade. It got all five.

From the undamaged equipment he collected six more grenades and five cans of meat. Then he buried the minced patrol, smoothed and replanted the ground—and prepared for the next episode of his guerilla war.

Soon, Jap machine-gun squads had been posted in every thicket and inlet overlooking the Sound. Miller scouted their position night after night—and sometimes crept down to the beach ahead of the gunners to forage for food.

More American M.T.B.s were now penetrating the Sound and more Jap craft, though ostensibly covered by the machine-guns ashore, were falling foul of their automatics.

From the wreckage that drifted ashore Miller began to build himself a raft. It seemed his only chance of escape. Yet it was ticklish work, collecting the flotsam and dodging the patrols

One sniping nest in particular was manned every night and was too close to be pleasant.

"I determined," says Miller, "to throw a good scare into them."

Through the jungle he hacked a path to within 35 yards of the nest. That night the gunners were landed as usual from a boat. No sooner were they settled than Miller lobbed over three grenades. Not a Jap was left alive.

He Couldn't Miss

Every Nip on Arundel now seemed to have joined the search for him. Still he dodged his hunters. Next night, when a machine-gun emplacement settled still nearer his hide-out, Miller repeated his strategy

At 35 yards, his grenades couldn't miss. Just as well. It was their lives or his.

This was sure, for the next morning he was awakened by the thrum of a 'plane. It was an American torpedo-bomber, and Miller dashed like mad for the salt flat.

Madly he waved a towel he had captured. The 'plane saw him but made off.

An hour later a U.S. seaplane returned, spotted his frantic waves and landed on the Sound.

"I tried to wade out to them," Miller says. "I guess I was too weak. I just couldn't make it."

Those last few minutes were nightmarish. It was touch-and-go whether the airmen could get their inflated rubber dinghy to him before the nearest Jap patrols arrived on the scene

Desperately, loaded down with Jap insignia and equipment, Miller managed to get to the reef—and met them half-way.

Just as they reached the 'plane and moved out of range, the machine-guns started chattering. But Arundel Island had given up its "ghost"—the avenging spook of the castaway who hadn't died.

Two hours later, Lieut. Hugh Miller was sitting at an American lunch table at Munda, feeling as good as it is possible for a man to feel when he has come back from the dead.

How We Know Enemy Secrets

IN an effort to "answer" the mighty raids by Bomber Command the Germans have been forced to use types of 'planes which they hoped to keep in reserve for the moment when we strike in the West.

Some of these machines have been brought down, almost in one piece. At once a guard was placed around them until experts from the R.A.F. arrived on the scene.

The 'planes were carefully examined, then placed aboard a giant lorry and taken away to an experimental station.

Here, piece by piece, the 'planes were again made "airworthy." Then a test pilot winged his way over the quiet English countryside. He noted down everything possible about the 'plane's reactions, with the result, when he again landed on the tarmac, he more or less had a complete report of the machine to hand over to the experts awaiting him.

★ ★ ★

These experts can tell, more or less at a glance, what metals are in short supply in Germany, and secure information that will enable our bombers to strike at specific targets.

Perhaps the best present we ever had was when a German aircraft came down one foggy night on a British airfield.

An aircraftman, seeing a 'plane making a landing, jumped aboard his bike and cycled towards the machine. When he neared it he nearly fell from the saddle with surprise when he saw the Nazi markings. Shouting for help, he rushed forward—and took the Germans prisoners.

★ ★ ★

They were out of petrol—and thought they had landed on a French airfield. And their language, in English, was far from printable when they realised their mistake.

It is not generally known that every British bomber that returns from a raid upon Hitler's bomb-scarred Reich carries clues to enemy secrets that are immediately studied by scientists and research experts.

Under their eagle eyes shattered girders or shell-pocked fuselages sometimes reveal changing tactics on the part of German fighters, variations in enemy anti-aircraft defences—and even the vulnerability of our own aircraft to certain forms of attack.

The principal work of this band of scientists is to suggest where structural modifications might make British bombers still more resistant to attack. And on more than one occasion a badly damaged machine has provided valuable lessons for our production plants.

After they have carefully examined a seriously damaged bomber a thorough picture is developed on charts. The angle of the attack; distance from which it commenced; and the tactics on the part of the *Luftwaffe* pilot.

By a thorough and careful study of every point these experts can say whether or not the *Luftwaffe* are using new methods and weapons. If this is the case, others go to work at once to produce "antidotes."

★ ★ ★

Quietly, saying very little, but working very hard, these Back-Room Boys of the R.A.F. night and day go about their work of probing the enemy's secrets. The results of their labours, linked with the photographs brought back by our speedy flying cameramen, enable the Air Council to discover just how successful our bomber offensive really is.

COLIN WELLS.

We could be better housed than any other country in Europe—given the will

POST-WAR HOMES—AND YOU

By

Lt.-Col. GRAHAM SETON HUTCHISON, D.S.O., M.C.

Shall we demand spacious, easy-to-run homes or tolerate the slums in the lower picture?

SOME years ago it was my job to go on wheels over Britain inspecting the Housing of the People. I was appalled by what I saw.

In early life I had been familiar with slums, but they seemed worse than ever.

I saw rows of mean streets and overcrowded tenements, where squalor and disease stalked hand-in-hand, and hundreds of tumble-down country cottages whose sodden walls and rotting rafters gifted their legacies of rheumatism to the most courageous, long-suffering and altogether splendid people upon earth.

By the post, as I write, I have received a letter from an old soldier—he won the D.C.M.—who says: "My humble home would embarrass both of us, for I live in one of a row of boxes known as corporation houses with every inconvenience and nothing where it should be."

And to many others after the last war the "Home for Heroes" became the draughty garret and the bogus bungalow.

JERRY-BUILT

The handsomely subsidised jerry-builders ran up rows of villas with rickety walls, warping timbers, shoddy fittings, planned like match-boxes, hideous in aspect without and within, with neither comfort nor amenities.

They were sold at skyscraping prices to wage earners, who spent years discharging their debts, or found themselves evicted during a slump.

What amazes me is that a people at whose feet the whole world lays its tribute should emerge so gloriously from the awful growths we acclaim as cities, from the stews we style as streets, and from the houses we name Homes.

Britain still has many "homes" like these!

Nothing short of a revolution of thought is going to produce comfortable homes in which John Bull may take his ease and in which there is room for his children with their studies and their hobbies.

His missus knows what she wants. There's no reason on earth why she should not have it. If one Weapons Week can raise more than £150,000,000 in London alone we can fully house the whole population within a ten-year programme, whatever the enemy may do.

TEMPORARY HOUSES

Maybe, during the first two or three years following the war, a large part of the population and the demobilised will have to be housed in hutments close to their work so that they can get back to production.

But not a day should go by during which whole armies of workmen, skilled craftsmen, and semi-skilled labourers are erecting spacious, well-designed houses on planned estates into which so soon as completed the hut-dwellers will walk.

For many months recently I acted as chairman of a committee among whose members were highly experienced building contractors, architects, town planners, building society executives, and educationists.

We reached conclusions on every aspect of the housing problem, but, not least, that with the will and by the use of new technique and materials, the people of this country could be better housed than those of any other part of Europe.

Before the war I planned what was to have been the largest air garage in the British Empire. Here, cross-Atlantic aircraft and others from all Europe were to be serviced.

Three thousand houses were estimated as necessary to the workpeople for this industry, implying a community of some 12,000 souls. The hangars and workshops were to be erected side by side with the best housing estate ever fashioned.

No rows of mean houses, but crescents and squares, with shops, schools and kiddies' playgrounds, playing-fields equipped with tennis courts and bowling greens, a spacious swimming-pool, and at the centre a fine community hall for music, dances, clubs, and meetings.

That is how I visualise reconstruction should be carried out, planning good housing sufficiently close to industrial undertakings, with convenient amenities, and ample space for play.

We should not urbanise the country nor ruralise the town. The charms of both must be preserved.

But the countryman must share in the advance of civilisation.

He wants running water, not a dried-up well, and the village hall for recreation. He requires ample hall space in which to change the clothes of field and byre before entering his room, and a built-on apartment for his tools.

Being married with four kids, I have seen most of women's drudgery. Dirt and inconvenient arrangements have been her curse.

The architect will in future provide a light and cheerful aspect for the kitchen.

He can arrange that the dining-table folds into the wall, providing space for kiddies' play under mother's eye. Her table, oven and sink are separated from them by a plate glass, combined with pigeon-holed cupboard and dresser, through the central aperture of which the dining-table is set for meals.

Everything is to hand, in the minimum of space, with work simplified!

Many things connected with the house will be standardised for economy, but without loss of individual taste and the art of architect and decorator.

Guttering, drainpipes, taps and joints will be standard. Everyone will be able to clear drain obstructions, repair windows, doors and cupboards, renew washers on leaking taps, and fit glass to a broken window as easily as inflating a cycle tyre.

WANTED—A MAN

The amazing range of articles produced from plastics include standard lamps and shades of wondrous designs and colours, door-handles, bathroom appointments, cupboard fittings, all produced from casein and resinous bases.

Much of the furniture which lumbered up our rooms will be built-in by standard practice, including wardrobes, bookshelves, writing-desks, the radio set, plate-racks, dressers for crockery and glass.

The need is for a man of vision and of dynamic power, of wisdom and experience informed by imagination, to drive forward the building programme even as within a few short years the armed might of this country was refurnished after Dunkirk.

In the same hour as peace is heralded, the whole effort of war savings with its propaganda machine should be switched over to Good Homes for a Great People.

Are you going to have that good home? Then clamour for it with all your might!

The

By

A. G. GARDINER

ALL Britain stands at the alert, awaiting the signal of invasion. It is not a new experience. Four summers ago the imminence of invasion overshadowed all our thoughts. It is well to recall that time in order to take the measure of this.

Then, our existence hung by a thread. We were nearer extinction as a free and independent people than we had ever been in all our history.

We escaped, as it were, by a miracle, and in escaping we saved not only ourselves but the world and foreshadowed the invasion that we await at this hour.

* * *

What are the chances that we shall succeed where Hitler failed? The answer to that question raises another: Why did Hitler fail?

There were several reasons. He misread the spirit of this country and believed that, with France defeated, we should surrender.

In this belief he neglected to deliver his attack on the morrow of Dunkirk. He turned aside to settle France and gave us those invaluable weeks in June and July that enabled us to recover our breath and our resolution.

This was one reason. The unconquerable spirit of our people and the astonishing courage and efficiency of our tiny air force were a second.

Next was the most inspiring leadership this country has had in war since the days of Chatham. With that great man, Mr. Churchill could have said, "I know I can save this country and I know no one else can." If he did not say it, history will say it for him—and say it truly.

Finally, there was our "moat." It had been too lightly assumed that the conquest of the air had obliterated the defensive value of the Channel.

But, if there had been no Channel, if the terrifying onrush of tanks that swept through Belgium and France had not come to a halt on the cliffs of Calais and Boulogne, can we be sure that we should not have shared the fate of France?

* * *

In the light of these causes of Hitler's invasion failure in 1940, let us turn to the chances of our success in 1944.

In the dark days of the war it was the constant theme in these columns that "Time is on our side." Hitler had gambled everything on a lightning war of terror against a totally unprepared world. If the shock could be held and time could be bought for the resources of the world to be mobilised, the balance of power would be inexorably against him.

In a word, if the war was a sprint race he would win. If it were a long-distance race he would lose.

Time has justified the view, even beyond our expectations. It has justified it largely owing to Hitler's gross blunders.

He gave us as allies the two mightiest Powers in the world. It may be doubted

Last Line-up

whether either Russia or the United States would have come into the war of their own volition. The probabilities are that they would not. But Hitler compelled them to come in.

He miscalculated their fighting power just as he had misjudged our will power.

He believed that Japan was more than a match for America, and that a war in the Pacific would give him the victory in the Atlantic. Was there ever so monumental a blunderer?

* * *

And against his blundering the Allies have opposed a wisdom, a patience and an imagination that have seldom been revealed in the conduct of war. Certain that "time was on our side," they have planned with a far-sighted vision that has smashed the Axis and left Hitler imprisoned in his own crumbling fortress.

Take as example the bold decision, at the darkest moment of our fortunes at home, to risk everything we had in order to capture the key-point of Abyssinia.

Or the concentration upon the defeat of the U-boat as the imperative first step to winning the Atlantic war, without which the war itself could not be won.

Or the strategic wisdom of making the Mediterranean, next to the defence of this island, the principal battleground of the war. By that stroke we destroyed the Axis and defeated the possibility of Germany and Japan joining hands in the Middle East.

The importance of that stroke is seen to-day in the shape of the war. *Germany and Japan are allies, but they might as well be on different planets for all the help they can give each other.*

It is in these circumstances, so different from those of 1940, that the invasion of 1944 is imminent. In war it is not enough to make the right move. The move must be made in the right order.

That the cost will be grievous we must expect. We must steel ourselves to bear it by the thought that no price is too high to pay for the deliverance of the world from the deadly peril that threatens it.

That we shall deliver it, that we shall succeed where Hitler failed, we have every ground for confidence. To attempt to forecast the happenings on the brink of which we stand would be futile and presumptuous.

There will be shocks and surprises, feints and manœuvres, from Norway to the Balkans, and we shall be left guessing, like the enemy, where the major blow will be struck.

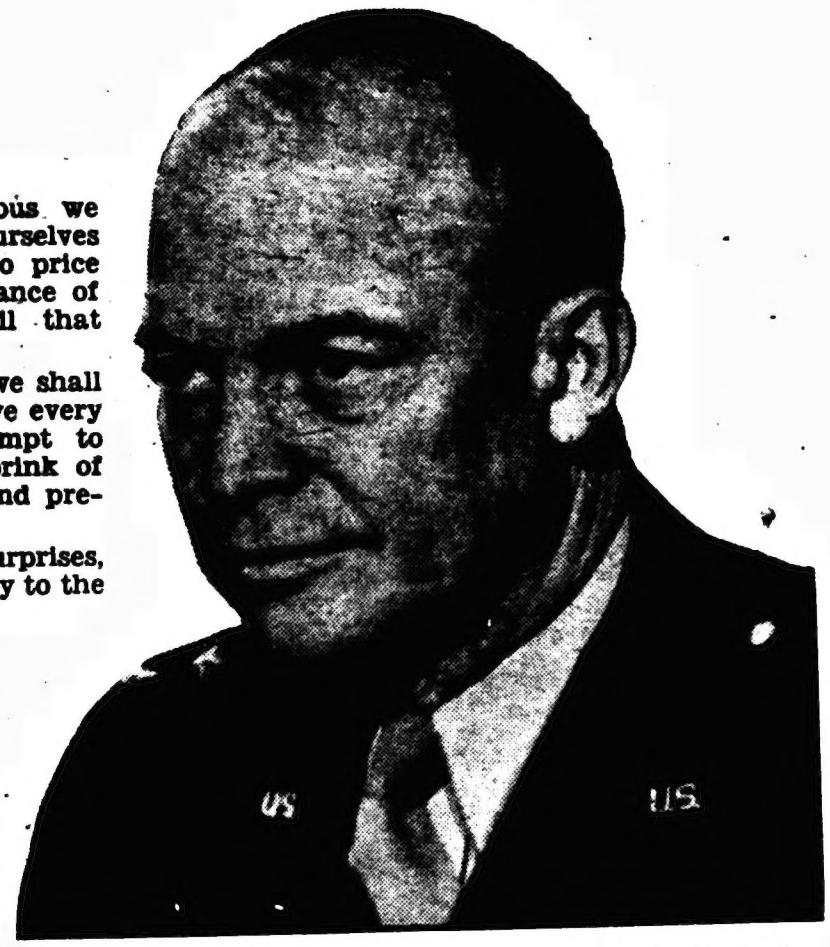
* * *

But of this we may be assured, that the conditions of victory are with us. The collapse of the German army in Russia has put a strain on Hitler's resources that cannot fail to be reflected in his power to meet the invasion.

He has two thousand miles of vulnerable frontier to defend, and until the decisive blow falls he does not know whence it is coming. The cream of his army is destroyed, and his loss of material is beyond computation or replacement.

His inferiority in the air is open and palpable, and the war rages day and night over the length and breadth of his fortress. His fleet is destroyed and his U-boat hopes have gone the way of his "blitz" hopes in 1940.

His prison is locked and he has no access to the outside world. His allies have fallen like Italy, or are falling like Finland. His satellites are only kept from flight by the lash of the Gestapo. His victims are seething with rebellion. His people are in despair between fear of Himmler and fear of their enemy.



Look at his eyes to see why Eisenhower commands the final military line-up in the West!

The moment is ripe for invasion.

But let there be no mistake. Victory against the Anglo-Americans is literally Hitler's last hope, and he will stop at nothing to achieve it.

We must not be misled by appearances. If the U-boat is less in the picture it is because it is being reserved for the coming struggle in the narrow seas. If the *Luftwaffe* seems scarce in Italy, in the Balkans, in Russia, it is for the same reason.

The invasion will be the most formidable military operation in our history. We shall not fail, but the resistance will be great, and we must be prepared for grave disappointments and heavy losses.

Here They Learn to be Citizens of Freedom

IN the heart of the English countryside stand two old mansions, a few miles from each other.

They are the Czechoslovak State Schools, where Czech children are educated for the day when they can return home. Many have parents fighting in the Czechoslovak army and air force; some are orphans.

Some simply do not know what has happened to their parents, who, with heroic self-sacrifice, sent their children to safety and themselves stayed to face the Germans.

And some have been born in England and are more familiar with the sight of St. Paul's than of Hradcany Castle.

★ ★ ★

"I hope," I said to the teacher who had come to meet me, "they can speak English—I wanted to talk to some of them."

"No trouble about that," he assured me, "see here . . ." and in the kindergarten he showed me that one main concern is to teach the children Czech!

The mistress draws a figure, putting only those parts of the body and items of clothing for which the pupil can give the Czech word.

She's learning fast

Thus Michal was able to think of the words for hat, eyes, mouth, hair, neck, hands, trousers, legs, socks and boots, and a "little man" took shape as the teacher drew them. But the man had no upper part to his body, and no shirt or jacket to put on the figure!

Jane could think of only eyes, teeth, nose and neck, so that her drawing looks like the ghost in the night!

Thus a language lesson, which can be the dullest thing on earth, becomes an exciting game, with each pupil competing to do his best.

And the children regard their war experiences just as adventures.

Thus ten-year-old Peter, who has already seen more of the world than many of us see in a lifetime, spoke of his family's misfortunes with complete absence of self-pity.

"Before the war my mother, father and grandmother prepared to come to England. A week before my father had left for Hungary. "We knew war was coming, and my mother said she would give him a warning not to come back. So Daddy went on to Tangier and waited for us.

"Mummy and I went from Pilsen by train to Prague, then to Berlin, then by 'plane to Madrid. I wasn't sick; Mummy gave me a pill. Then to Algeciras. . . ."

Their father was waiting for them at Tangier, and Peter went to a French school. Then they left for Gibraltar, where there were air raids, and where he saw an enemy 'plane shot down

Now his father is a war worker, his uncle fights in the Middle East, and his mother makes artificial flowers.

Jiri, who was wearing a foreign-looking jacket with neat silver buttons, explained that it was Swedish.

His parents lived in Prague When Hitler invaded they escaped to Norway, where Jiri went to a Norwegian school. Then Norway was invaded—they went on to Sweden, and Jiri changed schools again.

Later they came to England, where he added one more to his repertoire of languages. He now speaks Czechoslovak, English, Norwegian, and Swedish!

Why did they like England? One reply, the simplest, was perhaps the most expressive—"because it's green."

I spoke to Libuse, a bright-eyed little girl whose father used to work in a Czech factory in Rumania

They left when they realised that Rumania was coming in on the German side So commenced a long trek to freedom—Bucharest, Constanza, the Black Sea, Sicily, Marseilles, Paris. Libuse told me all this, with much detail. Daddy had died in England. Her brother was with the Czechoslovak air force (this with special pride).

Small wonder that geography is one of the simplest subjects to teach in this school!

★ ★ ★

Finally, I spoke to Edward. At seven and a half he has vivid recollections of his escape from Brno, Moravia, through France and on to England. Their train was stopped, but "we said we were going to Italy."

"Why don't you like Germans?"

"They make wars all the time."

Yes, these children are learning to become Citizens of Freedom

DENNIS BARDENS.

It Goes to Show

YOU know where the steps come down from the Top Terrace to the Bottom Terrace, just near the little pink café over the way from the bathing huts at Barney's Bay? Or, rather, where the bathing huts used to be when the little pink café was open in the days before the war said Stop All That.

Well, down those steps one lovely Spring morning came that completely unknown philosopher Mr. Caleb Brown, to sit in the sunshine on the low brick wall and rest his hands on his walking-stick and think about things and look at the view, such view as there was.

But since this story is concerned with Mr. Caleb Brown scarcely at all, we will leave him where he is for the moment to look at the view and think about things. We will go back to another beginning.

You might say that the 'bus ticket was a beginning, because the 'bus ticket was a symbol—a bright yellow one. In the tight right hand of Mr. Lyme, of LYME'S EATS ("This is a *Pink* Café"), it was a symbol of the Rolls-Royce which he had always been too cautious to possess.

"No sense," he had often said, "in owning a car to take you from Here to There when the 'bus company will do the job for you for a few coppers."

Which shows that he had a Business Head On Him, as they say.

Under his business head he had two little eyes which darted about all over the place, and two lips which you would hardly notice. And his best suit was so shabby that you would have been much more likely to give him a shilling than to ask him for one. Which showed that his business head was screwed on tightly.

For a long time now Mr. Lyme's personal income had been £30 a week, and you don't get up there without knowing all the tricks. Mr. Lyme had known all the tricks since the days of his cradle.

Indeed, it almost hurt him now to throw the bright yellow 'bus ticket away when he got off the 'bus at the Pier. He loathed waste.

Besides, it was a bit of solid proof of the clever way he had been getting the better of the Rolls-Royce Co. for years by not buying one of their cars, and for that reason alone he didn't like to part with it.

Still, what can you do with an old 'bus ticket?

So he let it go and it floated away in the gentle breeze.

As he passed the steps on his way to the café Mr. Lyme almost burst into song. Not quite, but almost; for this morning Mr. Lyme was extra pleased with himself. He was going to marry Betty.

Betty didn't know, but that had nothing to do with it. What Mr. Lyme went for he, being Mr. Lyme, got. And he was going to marry Betty.

There were several reasons.

One reason was that although value for money was the secret of much of Mr. Lyme's success, at this particular little pink café near the foot of the steps at Barney's Bay the secret of success was Betty—and Mr. Lyme knew it.

Betty had a smile. She had a way with her. She had a funny little trick of suggesting sunshine when it was foggy outside. Even small children insisted on going back for tea to the place where "the jolly lady" was.

And sooner or later, as Mr. Lyme was well aware, this would mean a rise. And why pay a girl more money when you can marry her? To some, marriage may mean romance. To Mr. Lyme it was one way of cutting down the overheads.

There was another reason. The business was getting too big and Mr. Lyme needed a manager, a second in command, someone to look after the thousand and one things which expansion had brought to the surface.

AND a manager would want £500 a year at least. Whereas a *wife* would be only too glad to sit up until midnight going over the books and drawing up schemes and things for nothing.

Oh, yes, Mr. Lyme was going to marry Betty.

Still almost bursting into song, he paused a moment in front of the pink café and almost swelled with pride.

He was proud of the big sign across the front. He was proud of the acres of pink paint—his own special touch. In particular, he was proud of himself.

He pushed open the pink door and went in.

Betty was serving a family at a little pink table near the window, and the family was roaring with laughter at something she had said. Mr. Lyme got a word with her as she turned away.

"I want to see you presently, Betty," he said. "Privately."

"Yes, Mr. Lyme," said Betty.

He went on down the aisle between

You might say that the 'bus ticket was a beginning, because the 'bus ticket was a symbol —a bright yellow one

the pink tables and into his little private office. And there, leaning against the radiator, was Giffen. His accountant.

"Hello, Giffen," he said. "What's on?"

"Thought I'd pop in for a word, being round here," Giffen replied. "Been going over your things."

"Well?"

"Well, you're down."

"Down? How d'you mean, down? Much down?"

"We-ell. . . . Not a lot, but it's general."

"It's general with everybody. It's the international situation. It'll pick up."

"Oh, quite. This branch is all right." ("That's Betty," thought Mr. Lyme.) Aloud he said: "Well, go on. Much down? What's my own position?"

"Here are the figures," said Giffen, pulling a sheaf of papers out of his pocket.

"Righto," said Mr. Lyme. "I'll go into 'em presently. Good of you to come round. Sorry I haven't got a drink in the place. I'd come out, but there's such a rush of things."

"That's all right," said Giffen, who'd had some before.

When he was gone Mr. Lyme sat down and went over the figures. Nobody in his senses had expected a record year, but Mr. Lyme hadn't quite been prepared for this. The business itself could hold out for years. Lock, stock and barrel were worth he didn't know how much. A lot, whichever way the cat jumped.

But his own personal position was a bit of a staggerer.

Twenty-five pounds a week! Five pounds down. . . .

Mr. Lyme twisted the figures round all he knew how, but there was no getting away from it. His income was down to £25 a week.

There was a knock on the door and Betty came in.

"You want to see me, Mr. Lyme?"

Mr. Lyme looked up like a man over whom the referee had just counted nine. He tried to focus.

"Not—er—now. Later. I'm busy."

"Yes, sir."

And out went Betty. And Mr. Lyme took a deep breath.

Get married when your income had dropped to twenty-five a week? Ridiculous! No man could afford it. A lucky escape. . . .

At one o'clock Betty took off her pink overall and put on her outdoor coat, for this was her afternoon off. She took the little pink rosette from her overall and pinned it to her coat.

Mr. Lyme insisted on this with all his assistants. Free publicity for his cafés as they walked through the streets.

She looked in the glass and frowned.

What was the matter with the boss? Just when she was thinking of asking for a rise, too. It couldn't mean—*could* it mean the sack?

She shook her head and went out and blinked in the sudden strong sunshine.

And when she had done blinking there in front of her, grinning, was Johnny Doone.

For an awful second she had the thought that what she dreaded might happen to her had actually happened to him. He ought to be at his desk at this hour. He wasn't at his desk. He had been sacked!

Then she noticed the grin again, and after the grin the cigar.

JOHNNY was actually smoking a cigar. It wasn't Christmas. It wasn't Coronation Day. It wasn't anything special. But Johnny was smoking a cigar.

"Anything—*wrong*, Johnny?" she asked.

"Wrong?" Johnny laughed outright. "I mean—the cigar."

"Got some more to follow," said Johnny, displaying his breast pocket.

"Why, what's happened?"

Suddenly Johnny removed his cigar, threw his arms round her, and kissed her.

"Johnny!" cried Betty. "You mustn't. Not here. Mr. Lyme might see us through the window."

"That old crab! It doesn't matter what he sees!"

"What do you *mean*?"

"I mean——"

Johnny's eyes settled on the little pink rosette in Betty's coat. He pulled it out and tossed it into the air and it blew away.

"I mean that all that nonsense is over for good!"

"Johnny!"

Still grinning, he stuck a new cigar between his teeth, got it going from the stub of the old one, and heaved the stub along the pavement, where it ran pursued by a cluster of its own sparks.

"I've got a new job," he said.

"Oh, Johnny!"

"Start on Monday. Got a few days

Talking Their Way to Trouble

HUMAN MACHINE

● **The Kaffirs have a saying: "The man with the open ear hears everything, the man with the open mouth nothing." Wisdom, you see, is not the prerogative of the learned!**

The truth is that more people have talked their way into trouble than have ever thought their way out of it.

Silence has more virtue than most of us are willing to believe. We are all far too fond of the sound of our own voices. An art that few master is the art of listening. Yet, curiously, that is one of the greatest factors of good conversation.

You will often have cause to regret having spoken; you will rarely repent of having held your tongue. It is the man who knows how to keep quiet who learns what others have to teach him.

Silence has been called "the genius of fools, and one of the great virtues of the wise." Carlyle declared roundly that "under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better." Disraeli declared that Silence was the mother of Truth.

The trouble, of course, is that most of us speak without first having thought. Talk that is the outcome of thinking is one thing; babbling is quite another.

The cynic who said that speech was given to a man to conceal his thoughts was wrong. At any rate, it seems to be mostly used by man to conceal his lack of thoughts.

"Think before you speak" is an even better motto than "look before you leap." You can't recall your words once you have given them life, so it's just as well to be sure that they're the words you mean.

Learn to listen. You know how to speak already. And, if you have nothing to say, don't say it!

Short Story
By WILL SCOTT

off till then. So we're going about and looking at things."

"Things?"

"Furniture and things. It's a *better* job, you see, and we're celebrating today. My income's gone up to three pounds five a week—and we can afford to get married at last!"

He put his arm through hers, pulled her to him, laughed again, and dragged her right across the promenade to the Pier, where you get the 'buses for the shops.

"From now on," he said, "*we ride!*"

And away they rode. Still laughing.

DOWN the steps from the Top Terrace to the Bottom Terrace came that completely unknown philosopher Mr. Caleb Brown, to sit in the sunshine on the low brick wall and rest his hands on his walking-stick and think about things and look at the view.

There wasn't much to see. It was the quiet hour. Mr Brown's eyes, in their philosophic way, settled on the litter which was blowing about in the Spring wind. There was nothing else to settle on.

A bright yellow 'bus ticket rolled over and over and came up sharp in an angle of the low brick wall where it gave up its struggles and fell flat.

After it came a little pink rosette, which gave one kick and came to rest alongside the 'bus ticket.

And then, with more pomp and ceremony, the dignified stub of a cigar, pursued by a cluster of its own sparks.

The wind gave a little lash of its whip and the litter in the corner danced to order. The sparks got the bright yellow 'bus ticket and a tiny flame began to rise. The flame licked the little pink rosette.

Soon neither 'bus ticket nor rosette was there. Only a grey smudge of ashes. But the cigar stub burned on in its dignified way, monarch of all it surveyed.

"Symbol," said that completely unknown philosopher Mr. Caleb Brown. "Symbol, that's what *that* is. Rich always come out top. Poor always get blotted out. Way of the world. *Funny* old world. . . .".

Getting What We Want

GETTING what we want is what most of us are after, but very often things we want hold tears that blot out laughter. You see, all things are changing in all ways, and all the time, and the heart so often chooses just one crevice in life's climb. And though we may not own it, we're all a little bit afraid to go round the sunlit corner into the unknown shade.

Getting what we want is a natural desire, and we'll sacrifice no end of things and refuse to even tire so long as we can do the things that make us satisfied, but circumstance demands we go out on to roads untried. And even though we reach those things we've wanted very much they, too, get tinged with change, for there is nothing time does not touch.

SO if you feel frustrated because things won't go your way, remember that there always comes a new chance in each day. And though we want the old things, and we're doubtful of the new, our hearts and minds must deal with each until we blend the two. And out of this endeavour life's true shape will be traced. There's great purpose and great happiness in the things we've squarely faced.—J. M.

The Strange Case of Rudolph Erren

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

CONSIDER the case of Mr. Rudolph Erren.

He is a German. As such, he is interned in Canada.

He believes that if we had given proper consideration to his inventions we would have saved many thousands of British seamen's lives—would have been appreciably nearer to the end of the war.

Those inventions include—and we of JOHN BULL are not in a position to assess their merits—a new and revolutionary type of torpedo, vastly improved type of submarine, and a device for rendering this country almost independent of imports of oil and petrol.

It is his case that he offered these inventions to the British Government before the war.

That the Government refused them. More. That they told the inventor he was at liberty to dispose of his patents, and that they permitted representatives of the German Government to investigate Erren's inventions in London.

Furthermore, it is his case that, as a result, some of these inventions—or adaptations of them—are now being used against us by the enemy.

Lost Years

Now, if all this is true, it is unlikely that Mr. Erren is chafing about any personal discomfort he may have suffered.

He will be more anxious to get the full consideration of the British public of his claims to have war-winning inventions at his right hand.

And we, in fairness, are anxious that his claims shall have that consideration.

They are:

That he had been nine years in this country when war came, had lost most of his contacts in Nazi Germany and had made many friends in this country.

That in September, 1939, he learned with delight that his long-filed application for naturalisation was about to be made effective.

And that, on October 11, 1939, at a day's notice, he was hauled before an Aliens Tribunal and promptly interned, WHICH MEANT THAT YEARS OF EXPERIMENTATION WHICH MIGHT HAVE COMPLETELY CHANGED THE COURSE OF THE WAR WAS ENDED WITH A STROKE OF THE PEN.

Let us pursue his claims to their beginnings.

Proven Worthy

He says he came here in 1930 at the invitation of British engineers and industrialists.

His research was so important that he was permitted to reside here permanently, exempt from most of the restrictions usually applicable to aliens.

He invented a system of operating any kind of existing engine on any kind of existing liquid or gaseous fuels.

He evolved an aero-engine about 50 per cent. lighter and smaller than the normal type.

He designed a stratosphere 'plane to run on liquid hydrogen.

He invented a trackless torpedo—driven by oxygen, hydrogen and water converted into superheated steam.

That he presented the authorities with a new type of submarine and submarine engine—the latter operating on oil when surface cruising on oxy-hydrogen when submerged.

All these, and many other Erren inventions, were tested by leading British engineering experts

And they were, indeed, the subject of favourable comment in both the British and American trade Press.

So far we have dealt merely with the claims of the inventor.

We may now turn to some of the Press comments on this work:

Automobile Engineer, September, 1939 (on the Erren hydrogen engine):

With virtually unlimited supplies of coal this country is favourably placed for producing either coal gas, using the off-peak loads of gas works, or hydrogen, by electrolysis of water using the off-peak load of electric power stations.

To produce the hydrogen equivalent to one ton of petrol about six tons of coal are required.

Ease of transport and storage makes it virtually essential for defence forces on land, sea and air

Shipbuilding and Shipping Record, 1942:

A considerable amount of experimental and research work in connection with the Erren system was carried out at the works of William Beardmore and Co., Ltd., at Dalmuir. The test unit was a single cylinder Beardmore engine. . . .

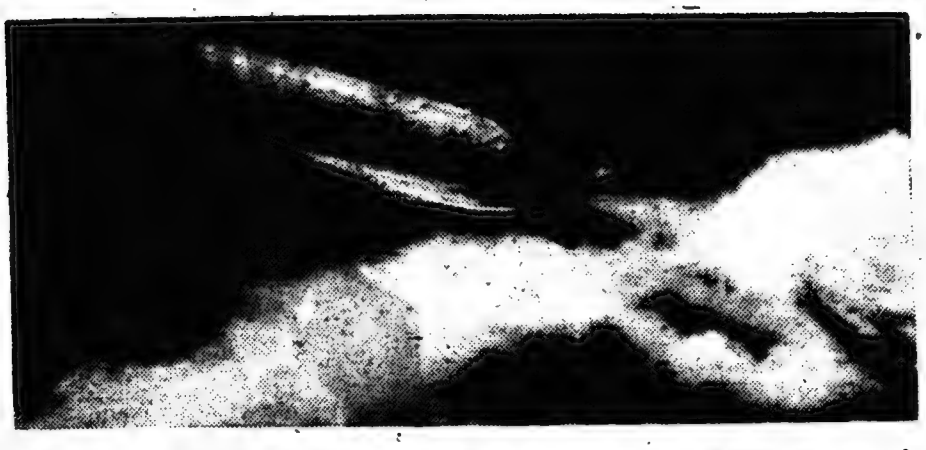
Official tests attended by a Government representative included demonstrations of starting on air and hydrogen, changing over to oxy-hydrogen with closed exhaust, changing over to fuel oil and hydrogen and to fuel oil alone, and manœuvring at different speeds on various fuels.

A remarkable increase in efficiency and output was a feature of these tests.

It is claimed that the application of the Erren system to a submarine makes it possible to increase the radius of action to more than 15,000 miles, while the saving in weight allows the pressure hull to be strengthened to such an extent as to enable the boat to crash dive at a steep angle and to submerge with safety to a depth of 600 ft.

Discovery (June, 1943):

The Erren engine . . . also provides the motive power for a trackless torpedo which, even if it misses will give no visible indication to the enemy that it has been fired.



Would a new type of torpedo have saved thousands of British lives and shortened the war?

London *Evening News* (January 25):

The German-controlled STB News Agency reports that a new kind of U-boat is now being mass-produced in a North German shipyard This invention, the agency says, has revolutionised submarine practice by enabling U-boats to use their diesel engines under water as well as on the surface, thus doing away with the need for batteries and electric batteries, and giving the vessels greater range and speed.

Is this the Erren engine, shown to German experts?

And about the same time the *News Chronicle* states:

For the first time in naval history diesel motors will be used when the craft is submerged, halving the usual 40 per cent loss of speed under water.

Break the Silence!

Then it was revealed by the *Automobile Engineer* that the Erren generator was demonstrated to Government representatives in this country in 1937 or earlier The paper went on:

Rudolph Erren made the utmost efforts to launch his schemes in this country from 1937 on. We reported that, although lacking official confirmation, it was understood that engines of this type were to be installed in German submarines.

All this took place in 1937. Yet practical confirmation in 1942 appears to have surprised the Allied naval authorities.

To return to Erren: It is claimed on his behalf that captured U-boats show the installation of under-water transmission patterned on the lines he invented.

The public is entitled to know whether that is true.

It will be noticed that we have made no claim on JOHN BULL's behalf in regard to the Erren system.

But we have given claims which we consider substantial enough to merit inquiry.

And we think we have proved reason enough why that inquiry should be held promptly—now, not after the war.

Inquiry as to whether the Erren inventions were ever worth using.

Did we turn them down? And are the Germans using them?

And naturally such an inquiry would have to settle whether the right place for Mr. Erren is an internment camp in Canada—which is probably one of the things that worries him least.

Nothing will make the British public more certain that Mr. Erren's claims are well founded than either silence on the part of the authorities or a refusal to hold the inquiry which is so obviously necessary.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. H. Fraser, West Kilbridge, Ayrshire, has been awarded the £1 1s. this week for some useful information.

Letters are welcomed on any "scandal" subject requiring investigation or comment. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

HANNEN SWAFFER declares that Britain has again become a land of "Two Nations"

Plans or Profits—Which will Win?

IT was with surprise I read that, during a Government inquiry, someone quoted what he said were Churchill's words :

"We intend to move forward in a great family, preserving the comradeship of the war, free from class prejudice and other forms of snobbery."

I did not remember them. They seemed to belong to another age—that of More's "Utopia," perhaps—or to another people in another land.

For they were quoted at an inquiry into the behaviour of Dr. Barnardo boys in a Hampshire village. The boys had been so wicked while evacuated from London, it was said, that "better class" residents wanted to get rid of them.

"Great family," "comradeship of the war" and "free from class prejudice"—all those were no empty phrases. In 1944, they mean nothing.

Yet it was not so long ago that the Premier used them. Sincerely felt, no doubt, when they were uttered, they were born of the brotherhood of the Blitz and the partnership that, transcending the bounds of caste, made us unite as one in the days of the Peril.

NOW WE'RE INDICTED

Why is it that a nation which, only four years ago, was hailed as the saviours of mankind, is now being put back in its place? Why is it that the shining idealisms of 1940 are now regarded as long-haired lunacies? The people are the same as they were; so are the ideals.

Despite that, the naughty Barnardo boys are not the only ones who have given offence to their superiors. The masses are indicted!

When presiding at the speech-day celebrations of Truro County School a few weeks back, Lady Rendlesham used words that were almost a paraphrase of the Catechism's centuries-old injunction that our duty is "to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters, and to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

She had noticed, of late years, she said, "a sense of self-importance in both young and old. It is not very English, and must be a war-time product caused either by persecution or flattery."

Then "Survivors of air raids have feelings of self-importance" she supposed, "because their lives have been spared. That is not very good."

The Beveridge Report had given them also a sense of self-importance, although they must not assume it could be brought in immediately. I suppose it is too good for "them."

SNUB TO YOUTH

Nor would the Education Bill give them what they wanted straightaway, Lady Rendlesham warned us. Oh, no!

"We must not stress too much the importance of youth," admonished her ladyship, who does not seem to realise that, if the world is to be saved, the next generation must be encouraged to realise its illimitable potentiality, and not be "kept in its place."

"But for your kind," it should be told, "Civilisation would have perished. Show, in the days to come, courage such as theirs! For the future is yours."

But, no, we do not hear that now! The danger is past. The worst days are over. We are back to caste and privilege and class distinction. Once again there are

No wonder Swaffer is sceptical!

the "two nations" of Disraeli's phrase.

In the days of the Threat, I heard one millionaire, a director of scores of international companies, say, "What does money matter now?" Then I remember how, at that time, a coal-owner of high rank told me his chief care was to get better conditions for the miners. "The old days are over for ever," leading industrialists used to declare.

We really thought, most of us, that a new era had dawned.

But, then, the danger passed. And soon business men who had sounded, when they spoke, almost like Father Christmas, were talking of "post-war markets," and arguing that our export trade would be ruined if our manufactures had to bear the cost of higher wages, the Beveridge Plan and better social services.

Soon, our leaders and America's were seen in open rivalry. Beaverbrook and Dr. Berle each complained that he had been compelled to "make concessions." And control of civil aircraft may soon mean the difference between peace and war!

Then, even when the Japanese were not many hundreds of miles away, competitive oil companies began to wrangle over a pipe-line in Arabia, and the spheres of influence in the Pacific!

Already, the great comradeship which still characterises the relations between the British and American soldiers, sailors and airmen wherever they meet, is being harmed, behind the fighting lines, by the selfishness of traders at home. Soon, unless we are careful, we shall be back to the old bitterness of unchecked competition.

As for the situation in Britain, we see the promises of new and beautiful towns being dissipated because landowners hold up schemes and the conflicting interests quarrel.

The problems of peace need, for their solution, all the idealism and unselfishness that we saw displayed when the bombs were falling and the fires raged. Where, now, is the good will and the unity of purpose that enabled us to defy the greatest peril in all our history?

Were they forced on us by a common danger? Did we unite only for self-preservation? No, that I do not believe, for I saw too many helping others and not thinking of themselves.

THE BEST IN US

Nor was our "finest hour" due to fear. For I have known similar good will amid devastation after a great flood that no longer threatened, and beside a mine in which the most persistent of helpers had no relatives entombed.

Sorrow, indeed, brings out the best in us. Pain and anxiety are, if only for that reason, part of Nature's plan. Under stress, man often gives evidence of what is best in him. When the strain has gone he is normal again. Not only his energies relax; so do his virtues.

So it is that, already, we seem back where we were. Even before Hitler is beaten, the haggling has started again. Privilege asserts itself. Caste has taken on its old pride. Each orthodoxy is at war as of old, with all the others.

And, amid the confusion and the quarrelling, the selfish gloat. For they see, in division and party strife, their chance of high profits and quick returns.

Evil grins at the spectacle. For it means that he can mount back on his throne—the throne from which he can look down, seeing, first, groups at variance, and then nations again at war.

There is in Creation's purpose, a rhythm into which man must attune himself. Else, there is chaos.

But, in that chaos, there is profit for the few. So the few who plot against the well-being of the many, prefer that the chaos shall be perpetuated.

Who, then, will win—the Planners or the Profiteers? That is the problem of 1944.

Falling Off at the Corner

REMEMBER the story of the Suffolk boy who has just been awarded the M.M. for gallantry in action, but who was once described as "the worst boy in Norwich"?

It shows what you can do if you don't get stopped at Tattenham Corner. Second wind is everything.

It's a crazy way of looking at it, perhaps, but all the winners of the Derby we've ever had have only won the Derby because they were fortunate enough to stay in the race to the very end.

Perhaps if some of the horses that fell out halfway had been given second wind, or a second chance, they'd have done a bit of winning for themselves.

★ ★ ★

I doubt if anybody on earth a few years ago would have seen anything in the new M.M. but "the worst boy in Norwich."

I don't suppose it's fair to any horse or any man to say what sort of a goer he is until he's got as far as the winning post.

Take myself. If you added up my career to date about all you could say of me is that I am probably the laziest man on earth, with a silly way of looking at things.

But leave me to go the distance. Let me live till I'm ninety or so and I may have discovered a new kind of varnish or something and made my name immortal.

★ ★ ★

I should think many of the world's "worst boys" (everywhere, not only in Norwich) have picked plums off the tree when they've got their second wind and stopped being "worst boys."

Of course, if a man is still a "worst boy" when he gets to the winning post you can only write him off. But let him get there first and show what he can do.

We've all got our nasty sides as well as our nice sides. I think society ought to give both sides a chance to come out.

It's an idea. And I haven't got a better at the moment. Where ideas are concerned I've just fallen off at Tattenham Corner. A. G.

VOICE

A "SHEEP BELL" trick of the Germans in Italy is described by Surveyor C. A. Rogers, R.A., in a letter to his father at Puttenham, nr. Guildford, Surrey:

The Americans were holding a ridge on the forward slope of the hill, on which sheep grazed peacefully as if all were peaceful. The sheep wore bells round their necks, which made a pleasing noise as they nibbled the grass.

One night the ingenious Jerries sent out a night patrol, previously having fixed round the neck of each man a sheep bell. So, making a noise like sheep, they were able to reach their objective undetected, and inflicted some casualties on the Yanks.

Next night the Americans were ready for the "sheep." A listening-post heard sheep bells jingling on the slope of the hill, but they were ringing in a different rhythm from those swinging on the necks of the sheep.

"If that's sheep ringing those bells, then I'm Marlene Dietrich," said a Yank from West Virginia.

Then followed a burst of fire from the Americans. Most of the sheep scattered, and when a patrol was sent out a number of dead and wounded Nazis were found with sheep bells tied round their necks.

Incidentally, the boys had lamb chops for breakfast!

More Big Game

Jungle life in India seems to suit Gnr. J. Collett, Gordon Highlanders, serving with India Command. He writes to his relatives at Kirklington, Oxford:

Our camp is in the middle of the jungle, and compared with some of the camps we have been in, this is lovely. Strangely enough, it is bitterly cold at night, but very hot by day when the sun blazes down.

It is a rough life, but we have managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable. We have made beds, tables and chairs and other furniture out of bamboo which grows all round us. There are rivers where we can swim, and plenty of wild animal life to keep us interested.

For instance, a big tiger was shot two nights ago by one of our guards. Yesterday a 7-ft. snake was shot down by the river when we were bathing. Then, on the way back to camp we were chased by a wild boar.

What with monkeys and baboons as companions, there is never a dull moment. It's as good as living in Whipsnade! Take care of yourselves.

Pioneer Spirit

A plea for the Pioneer Corps is made by Pte. J. Kelly in a letter to a friend at Tamworth Street, Brooks Bar, Manchester:

A change in the name of the Pioneer Corps is overdue, for many people seem to think that this branch of the Army is made up of remnants.

Yet it largely consists of men from famous regiments who did their bit earlier in the war, and were later transferred to the Pioneers on health grounds.

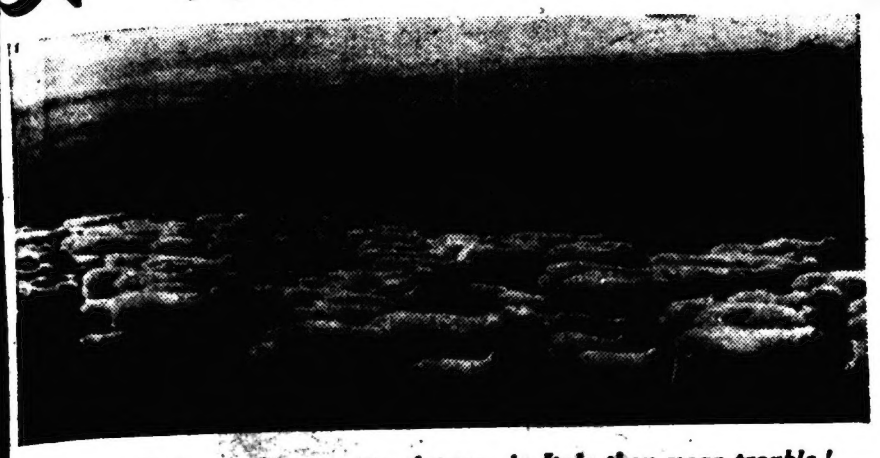
It is about time we were treated as if we were something more than mud. Up the Pioneers!

While You Wait

A prisoner of war since Dunkirk, Pte. G. Kennedy, R.A., who was a boot repairer in civil life, finds his trade useful. He writes to his father at Glastonbury Road, Stretford, Lancs.:

Five of us who know something about boot repairing are kept busy looking

OF THE TROOPS



In England they make a pretty picture; in Italy they mean trouble!

ter the footwear of our fellow-risoners. Our charges are moderate, d all money received goes to the camp nd for providing amenities.

Repairs while you wait is the idea, d perhaps we shall not have to wait uch longer. Anyway, it is pleasant to able to do a useful job for the boys.

Home from Home!

Soldiers in Italy, after a patch of bad weather, found a new billet in a haystack and found it almost as comfortable as an hotel. Gnr. F. Craven writes to his friends at The Grange, Wheldrake, York:

Snow, rain, wind and sleet had made ings seem a bit bleak and uncomfort-le, but the weather has improved, and e have found a new home.

Our tents had suffered to such an tent that we could no longer use em. Three of us went into confer-ce on the matter and we decided to out a new home in a near-by hay-ack, and it is from this large, commo-ous and comfortable haystack that I now writing.

We got the hay out, boarded a roof side the stack, and draped tent mate-al over the entrance. The result is e snuggest little dugout in the whole Italy.

Monkey Tricks

Serving in North Africa, Pte. W. Newell sends home a special letter to his very young son, Keith, at Victoria Road, Wibsey, Bradford, Yorks:

Here's your dear old Dad again, with line or two to wish you and mother ell.

I wish you could have been with me s afternoon. I have been up on the ountain feeding the monkeys, and you uld have laughed to see them playing out, up to all sorts of tricks.

At first they were a bit shy, but soon ey were taking nuts from my hand d jumping on to my shoulders, as if had known them since they were bies.

Keep smiling, son, look after Mum hile I am away, and be a good lad. real Arab knife is on its way to you.

One Way to Bath!

Bathing customs out in Madagas-ar seem to have intrigued SBA/D. ountree, serving at the Naval Base, Diego-Suarez. He writes to his sister t Duncan Street, Glasgow:

The Malagache system of bathing is a unusual. I saw a man pick up a bar soap which he liberally scraped on a wall. He then poured water over head, and proceeded to wash his k and front by rubbing himself up d down against the soaped wall. emed a bit awkward to me!

also saw a baby being washed in a pail. All was well until the mother soaped his head. Then, inverting the child, who was now hanging from her hands by his feet, she ducked his head several times in the pail to rinse out the soap.

I was not surprised that the child seemed annoyed at this form of shampoo!

Two Fountain-Pens

Spr. T. Mills, R.A.C., writes to his parents at Ainslie Wood Crescent, South Chingford, London:

Thanks for the airgraph which says that you have sent me a parcel. Gosh! two fountain-pens, eh! I do hope that they will arrive safely, then I shall be the most popular soldier in these parts.

I have just received your Air Mail letter dated December 14. It had been floating around for three months; perhaps they sent it by pigeon post!

I can't understand how some things go astray when they are correctly addressed. However, better late than never. Cheerio, and keep smiling.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● It is unfair that a labourer doing heavy work in all weathers has to give up nine coupons for boots. Surely there should be some distinction between these and women's fancy footwear?—"Labourer's Wife," Liss, Hants.

★ ★ ★

A disabled veteran of 1914, I am housekeeper to a professional woman away from home all day, and enjoy my work. Couldn't others like me help to solve the domestic problem?—"Old Soldier," London, N.W.1.

★ ★ ★

Was it yesterday we heard of "our overcrowded, overpopulated island"? To-day we grow panicky about our declining population and the danger of our race petering out.—Fred French, Duston, Northampton.

★ ★ ★

A soldier's wife forced to sell her wireless set was paid £2 for it. Next day it was on view marked: "To-day's bargain—£13 10s."—Mrs. McFarlane, Causeway-side, Edinburgh.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

QUITE a common sight to be seen in any suburb nowadays is a young mother pushing her pram, followed, a dozen yards behind, by a dismal, disgusted-looking dog.

The baby has taken the first place in the home; the dog is fed to the fangs. It is both comic and pathetic.

PUTTING THE DOG BEFORE THE PRAM!

"I have been very harshly criticised," writes a woman reader, "because I give more attention to my baby than to my dog. Some neighbours have told me that if I really loved my dog I would not have had the baby.

"It is true I have had the animal, a valuable one, for some time; but it is impossible to give him all the attention I used to do. That does not mean that I love him less, but there are dog-lovers who have no room in their hearts for anything else.

"They seem to think the world should be populated by dogs alone and that babies are an unwelcome intrusion. It is hard to believe such ideas, but I write the truth.

"My husband tells me to take no notice, but somehow I feel hurt and self-conscious when I see the disapproving glances. Why do some people have such feelings about babies? What would the world be like without them?

"Do you think I am foolish to take so much notice of people who are so critical and disapproving?"

Really, it is difficult to regard this problem seriously, and it seems absurd to have to argue about it. I have dogs as well as dog-lovers among my friends, but babies must have the first place.

To think of them as unwelcome is not normal.

The question as to what the world would be like without babies reminds one of Mark Twain's reply to the old lady. "You can poke fun at women," she said, "but what would men be without us?"

"Scarce, madam; almighty scarce!" answered the humorist.

If a woman thinks her dog more important than a baby one can only suppose that the natural affection which should have been given to her own child has been diverted. The dog is receiving the mother-love which is part of her nature.

NEXT is a letter from a man who is aggrieved:—

"My wife is crazy about her animal pets," he writes. "Our meat ration is given almost entirely to the two dogs and the cat has whatever fish she can buy. She even uses her precious points to buy tins of salmon for them.

"I do manage to get some meat at the works canteen, but she gets it only when she has her dinner at the British Restaurant. Some weeks she has none at all.

"I know how devoted one can become to an animal, but it seems wrong that human beings should sacrifice their lawful share of good food because they think the animals should come first.

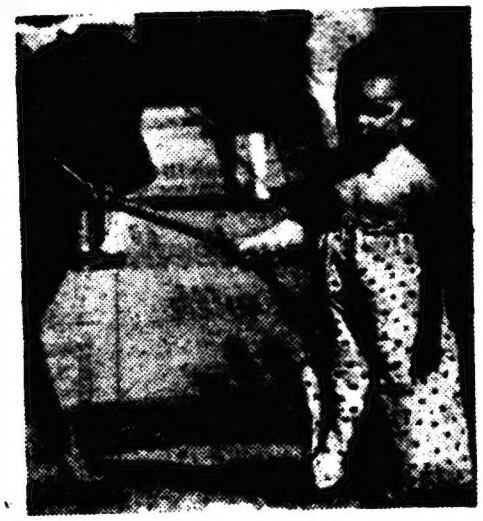
"So far the pets have not demanded our share of butter. If they did they would get it, and we should live on margarine.

"Honestly, Humanist, don't you think my wife is going too far?

"I have protested more than once or twice about it, but the 'scene' that provoked was not worth it. Have any other readers had this problem to face?"

The answer is "Yes." Quite a number of them. But in the towns at least one can buy unrationed food for dogs and cats. It is more difficult in the country. But common sense applies to this as it does to the first letter: human beings are more important than animals.

Many readers wrote recently about their earliest recollections, but it was often difficult to provide evidence. We are all liable to think we remember



Should the dog get more attention than the baby?

an incident of which parents have reminded us later on.

When the first memory is the arrival of a "new" baby the date can be fixed. So it can in the following:—

"My earliest recollection was at the age of two years and four months on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. I was taken to the celebration in our village with two older sisters.

"I remember a lady standing behind a table draped with flags. She gave my sisters tea and a medal, but I was too young to be a scholar and got nothing.

"The disappointment was so acute that the picture was registered on my mind and I can recall it vividly to this day. When I told my parents years later they were amazed at the accuracy of my description."

That early memory stuck because it was associated with a strong emotion—a feeling of being unfairly treated. Children remember injustices when more pleasant experiences are forgotten.

LASTLY comes a "record" from my postbag:—

"The first thing I can recall occurred when I was at the age of eleven months! It was during the last war. My father was a soldier and my mother took me to the place where he was stationed.

"I can clearly remember being carried down a street with trees on both sides and being taken in my father's arms. I cried loudly, and after a short time he handed me back.

"It was then that I saw the biggest animal I had ever seen—a huge dog from a near-by farm.

"My mother remembers events that happened when she was one year and five months, but I shall not quote them as they are difficult to believe."

A number of people recollect things that occurred before the age of two, but this reader is the only one whose memory dates from the first year of life.

Gibbs IN HANDY battledress REFILLS

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AND 11½d (Including Purchase Tax) Prices U.K. only

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Borwick's Baking Powder improves texture, taste, attractiveness of

CAKES
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Lighter, more appetising and more digestible—Borwick's improves the texture, taste and attractiveness.

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The Best in the World

TAILS UP

"This night-fighting in the Larder Guard is getting me down. The mice run round me. I'll resign on grounds of bad health."

"Now the balloon's going up! They've started to give me 'TIBS'! Look out Mousserachmitts."

"What did I tell you? No food going west now—but the mice are! There ought to be 'TIBS' for all us Larder Guards."

TIBS

Keep cats kittenish

Remember the rule—one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, 7d. for 9, or 1/6 for 27.

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

12P

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL

THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

FIRST AID

always Safe and Sure!

for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO.

Keep LION OINTMENT handy and apply at once. Cleanses quickly; heals safely. At your Chemist.

BURGESS' 1/3 & 3/-

LION OINTMENT

LAST LAUGH

D. M. (Hornsey).—"A Whitehall official cycles to work every morning." This is one method of not leaving important documents in taxis.

F. K. (Leeds).—"The latest form of shopping bag is the horse's nosebag decorated with flowers and on sale at two guineas." It can be tied under the chin if the wait in the queue extends beyond the wearer's lunch time.

J. L. (Taunton). — "Reports reaching Stockholm refer to heated altercations between the Fuehrer and members of his Headquarters Staff." The Keitel often boils over.

D. S. (Sutton).—"There is a shortage of cotton-reels." These are dull times for playful kittens.

G. H. (Lewes).—"I can hardly describe to you what a lot of damage is done on my property by rats." A gnawful lot, we gather.

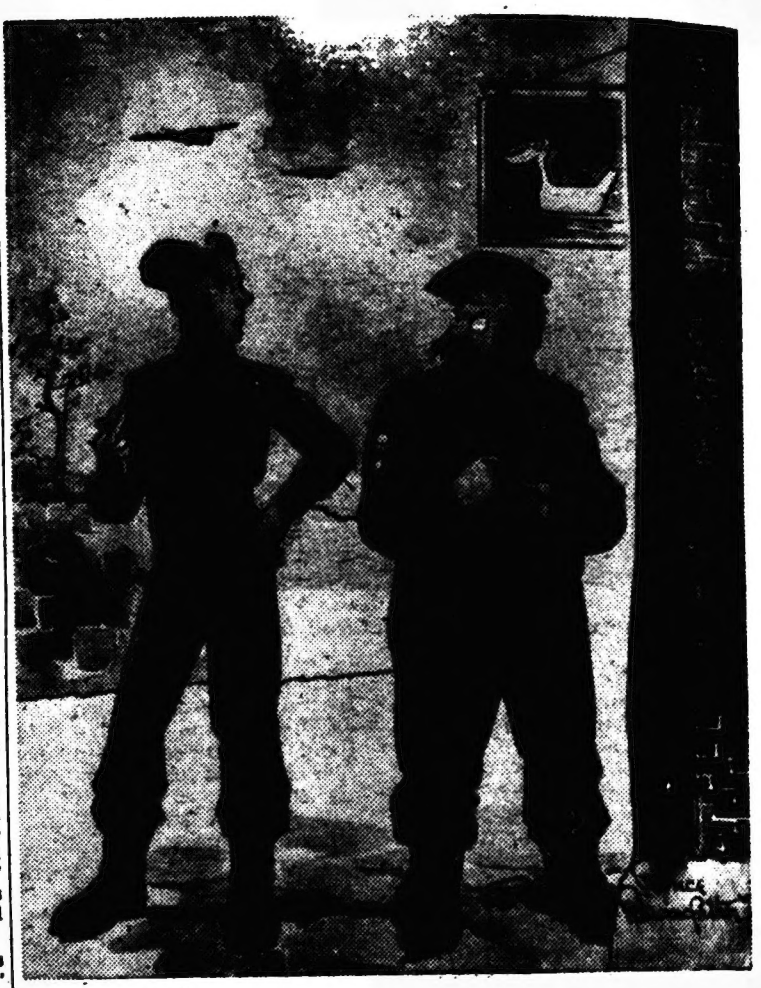
ACTOR (Balham).—"My first public appearance was as a child of five when I recited 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' at a Church Congress, to great applause." Canons to the right of you, Canons to the left of you volleyed and thundered.

N. P. (Luton).—"My wife is always singing about the house." Well, be grateful. Most modern houses are not of the sort to make a song about.

T. K. (Tring).—"An American officer in Scotland, on hearing the bagpipes for the first time, said there were some notes so sweetly shrill that he could hardly believe that they emanated from a wind instrument." Later it was ascertained that the player had a puncture.

BILL (Grantham).—"At the whist drive in town the other night I held the loveliest hand I have ever held in my life." So we may expect a bit of wedding cake before long?

J. P. (London).—"There seems to be an increase in crime among youngish men necessitating long spells of imprisonment. I wonder why." Well, it's the only alternative to the Services or the Pits in many cases.



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"General's batman now, are yer? Hm . . . What else do yer 'ave to do besides keepin' his lighter filled?"

Side-Slips

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"OVERCROWING in Blackpool . . ."

SHETLAND NEWS:—"The bride's mother was in a gown of navy blue and wore a spray of ORCHARDS . . ."

DAILY MAIL:—". . . in each friendly country such large STORKS of materials that none would . . ."

THE STAR:—"The report states that the houses RESIGNED to last not more than ten years . . ."

TORBAY HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"To them Sunday is the most miserable day of the week. In the other SEVEN . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Troubles never come singly. They certainly haven't in the case of soldier-of-the-last-war George Elford, of London, S.E.15.

This ex-gunner has just come out of hospital with heart trouble, chronic bronchitis, and nerve trouble.

His soldier son is ill in hospital.

His daughter is sick, and, in consequence, unemployed.

His wife, whose earnings used to contribute to the meagre family budget, is crippled with rheumatism in the hands, and has had to give up her job.

Sick people are apt to sigh for something more interesting than bare rations But we can't see how fifty-three-year-old George Elford is going to supply it.

For let us do the little sum he has done so often and so despairingly. Total income: £2 18s. 3d. Rent, 21s. Insurance, 2s. 6d. A worrying little debt for coal and other necessities—only necessities.

A local doctor speaks well of the family. A local investigator speaks of them as a respectable family who deserve any help they can get.

And we, in the name of our readers, want to give them that little extra that means so much.

Will you help them—and the so many others like them?

We pool all contributions and allocate them equitably among deserving cases on our books at the discretion of the committee.

Please send a donation to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We'll gladly send an acknowledgment if you give your name and address, although anonymous donations are just as welcome.

Every penny you send reaches people who worry and suffer—for we bear all administrative expenses ourselves.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

£100 Plus Radio—"BULLETS" 1,421

E. Davidson, 7, Eastgate, Beverley, E. Yorks, for this "Bullet":—

WHAT TOMMY GETS
MONTY'S "HEART"—SERGEANT'S "LIVER"!

£10: A. Furness, 133, Bostock St., Warrington.
Knowing The Huns—Never Drop Guns, Boys!

£5: A. J. Mace, 71, Roslyn Rd., Adswood, Stockport.
Man And His Dog—Parted—Master's Killing "Rats."

£4: L. Beal, 23, Friors Walk, Boroughbridge Rd., York.
Conqueror Hitler—Victories Deluded—Victory's Ended.

£3: A.C.1. W. Jacobs, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Thoughtless People — "Meaning" — Forget World's Agony.

£3: W. Whittaker, 65, Conway Rd., Cwmpark, Treorchy, Glam.
Grand Finale—"Right" Departed—"Knights" Returning.

NEXT WEEK BIGGEST FIRST for YEARS

6 Prizes of £2:
J. Burgoyne, 129, Titchfield St., Kilmarnock.
Conqueror Hitler—Had He Had Sea!
M. V. Charles, Middleton Cheney, Banbury.
Her Latest Song—Better Than Landady's Tea!
Sgt. J. R. Graham, Somewhere-in-Britain.
What Tommy Gets—Drink—Smoke—Stamp—Brats!
Mrs. M. Grubb, 12, Hopton St., Stafford.
Treat For The Taxpayer—Finding Tanner Is Losing!
E. A. Rossell, 11, Ashworth Ave., Ruddington.
Conqueror Hitler—Also Lost That "Air."
A. Sims, 13, Chalks Road, Bristol.
Treat For The Taxpayer—Paying Winston's Salary, Anyway!

A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 320 PRIZES WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 163

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order K—B—D—C entered by following 9 competitors who thus share £75:—Mrs. J. K. R. Bell, 51, Edge Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester; H. L. Bown, 25, Baden Road, Brighton; A. Broadbent, 66, Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough; F. H. Carter, 22, Shelburne Road, Calne; M. V. Charles, Middleton Cheney, Banbury; G. H. Cooke, 38, Urban Road, Sale, Manchester; A. E. Hunter, Station, Tadcaster; H. Jones, 65, Oxford Avenue, Keyham, Devonport; M. Yates, Oxford Avenue, Keyham, Devonport; M. Yates, Oxtoby's Yard, Old Fletton, Peterborough.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 57 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order shown—2nd Runners-up Awards for 200 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

and get what so many others can't

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

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SPRING MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN

Blotches and pimples on a child's face are a sure sign that the system is clogged with waste matter.

For a quick safe remedy, wise mothers use 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood.

Get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day, and give your little one a dose at bedtime. Continue for a few nights. The skin will soon become clear, fresh and glowing. More important, you will see an improvement in your child's health, for 'California Syrup of Figs' is a natural, blood-purifying laxative. Mothers who use 'California Syrup of Figs' for their kiddies, find that it keeps them regular, well and happy.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/4 and 2/6.

"Walters'"

"Palm" Toffee

SLAB for BEST COUPON VALUE!

Controlled price 6d per ½ lb.

KEEP CHEERFUL!

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

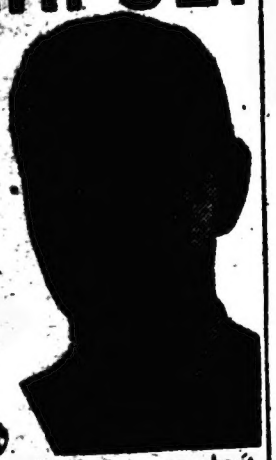
THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes irregular—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 *(incl. tax)*. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills



"I don't worry about Backache, I take Doan's"

Phosferine has been of inestimable value

"For the last twenty-five years Phosferine has been a great boon, for depression, nerves and the strain of long hours in business. It has been of inestimable value to me. I have recommended Phosferine to many people—one friend of eighty years was much surprised at the beneficial effect after taking a small quantity. My age is seventy and I cannot speak too highly of Phosferine."

(Signed)
Mr. L.E.B.,
Leicester.

In the truest sense of the word Phosferine is a really great tonic—and the benefit derived from taking Phosferine is neither more nor less than what you have a right to expect from so famous a tonic medicine.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size) *(Including Purchase Tax)*

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

SKIN HEALING

WITH NEW *double antiseptic action*

Laboratory Tested

Because most skin troubles are caused by *several* types of germ, Valderma contains *two* antiseptics each one particularly deadly to certain groups of bacteria. Because of this unique property Skin Specialists prescribe Valderma for serious skin infections. Boils, Pimples, Rashes, "Athlete's Foot," and other skin complaints are swiftly overcome by Valderma's "two-in-one" antiseptic action, soothing, yet officially proved fatal to septic organisms. Valderma is an *oil-in-water* emulsion and, therefore, allows matter to pass away freely without risk of re-infection. Use it for cuts and abrasions, too.

White, and agreeable to use, Valderma doesn't stain—and heals many skin troubles in only a few days. Get a 2/- jar today.

VALDERMA ANTISEPTIC BALM

PRIZES GALORE for 4 LETTERS!

THERE'S a laugh in every line of the past winning Bullets below—and in the few minutes it takes to enter this jolly little Laugh-Lines Contest you may well join the happy band of cash prize-winners.

You have only to denote your choice of the best four laughs by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS only as directed on your coupon below; post it not later than Monday, May 8—and look out for a useful cheque!

£100 PRIZES CATTLE OVER

£75 FIRST PRIZE
1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS

Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Trap For The Unwary—Where Dad Weeded Path!
B. Clean—Page, Senny's Bookmark!
C. Over Optimistic—Jap Disguised As Guardsman!
D. His Little Sister—Shocked—But Shares Jam!
E. Favouritism—Sergeant Omitted Two Adjectives!
F. Grandpa's Latest—Parachuting—Didn't We Jump!
H. Give Her A Kiss And—You'll "Wipe Off Mush."
J. Her People—"Peeped In"—Luggage Followed!
K. Stinging Reply—Before Henpeck Framed Question!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST					
2ND					
3RD					
4TH					

FEE 2d. 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated May 20.

P.O. Value..... No.....
Signed .....
Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY MAY 8. 167

OVER 320 'LAUGH LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullet First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated May 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO

BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10 £5 £2 6 @ £1 100 @ 10/-

25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Win Day—Friday, May 19.

BRITONS, BEWARE
DAY WE INVADE
OVER THE WALL
SPECTRE OF DEFEAT
SAFE HOME
MAKING UP LOST TIME
IN EARNEST
LIFE AND DEATH
MAN'S HISTORY
PLACE TO GO TO

BULLETS 1,421 RESULT on Page 14

OUR RADIO
WHAT A WOMAN EARNS
IN ACTION
LUCKY PEOPLE
FATHER FORGOT
OUT-THROAT COMPETITION
MAGIC OF A SMILE
MUSTN'T BE LOST
AT THE LAUNDRY
SOMETHING TO HOPE FOR

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

WITH .....'S HELP
OUR FINEST.....
THING SHE.....
IN THE POST-WAR.....
WITHOUT.....
THINKS HE'S.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated May 20. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, MAY 8. 1,425
Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,425—or "Laugh-Lines" 167, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NEEDING A VALVE?

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A

MULLARD

There are more Mullard valves in the shops nowadays

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE COMPANY LIMITED
CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Nerves and Digestion? ..more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest natural source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is LIVE Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals, you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

All Chemists 1/3, 3/- Tablets

Phillips TONIC YEAST
—It's LIFE ITSELF!

Partial Eclipse

We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations; to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

This is the correct price to pay for our Medium-Sweet or Dry Flagon Cyder.

How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*
2 *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.*
3 *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

1/3 PER JAR

BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

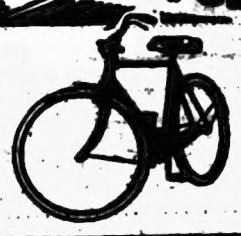
PERRY COASTER BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

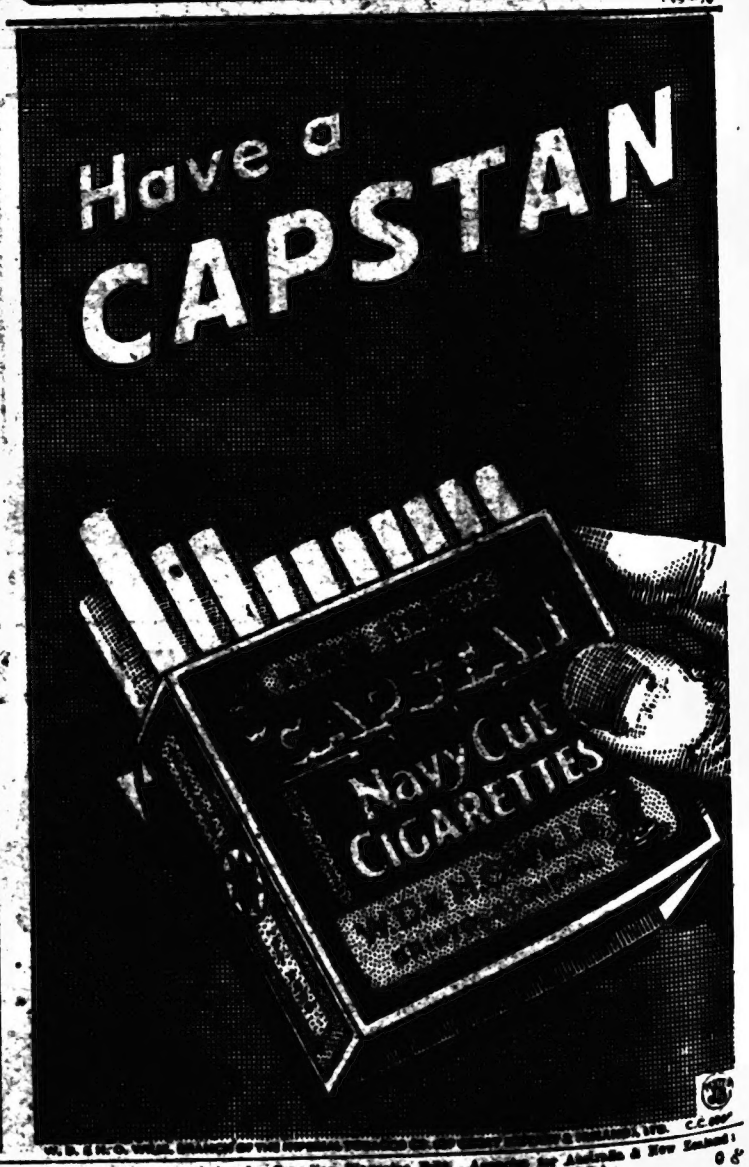
for natural pedalling

PHILLIPS CYCLE FITMENTS



IS YOUR CYCLE WARTIME WEARY?

Ask your Dealer for GENUINE PHILLIPS Spares to replace worn parts, and make sure of "getting to work" on the National Effort.
"Phillips" Fitments are scientifically manufactured in Britain's leading Cycle Component Factory, are standard equipment on practically ALL machines, and are now being turned out by hundreds of thousands to keep the Nation's Cycles fighting fit.



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JO B

VOL. LXXV. 1977

HIS MEANS M

To you who read thi may be important. feel its shortage keenly our men in the Merchs importance as a food is

Thousands of heroic enemy action at sea hav lives to the rations part of every lifeboat equipment. Chocolat included . . . . a specia chocolate which gives tion and does not incre

Chocolate is issued

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